Zepp. time is here again. Sign coupon on page iii of Cover

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 543. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

424595

For meaning of this number see p. 20.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

.....and then I tried Bitro-Phosphate

The above words occur frequently in letters received from both men and women who once suffered from—

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(loquacious)

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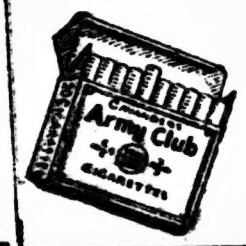

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 543. Week ending Saturday, October 28th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"Tanks" and Thanks.

We are glad to see that the War Secretary has taken our hint and rendered tribute where some of it is due—to the junior officers who were originally responsible for the Tanks.

Those Secrets.

By the way, is it worth while keeping up the fiction that the Germans are still ignorant of the secrets of the new "land battleships"?

"Once Bit——"

It is likely that another attempt will be made to reconcile the Irreconcilables in Ireland. But it will not be the War Secretary who will intervene *this* time, nor will the Irish Secretary take on the job!

We Beg to Ask—

Is it true that one of the three senior officers concerned in the troop train tragedy at Karachi, which we helped to expose, has been punished with a position of authority carrying higher pay than the post from which he was removed?

Tino or Venizelos?

Why all this trouble in recognising the Government of M. Venizelos, and which Foreign Office is it that blocks the way? Tino is a traitor—that is clear; Venizelos is a noble Greek patriot—that is equally clear. *We* should make short work of the situation.

Sunday Trading.

Have you noticed that recent decision of the Divisional Court to the effect that a person who *buys* anything on Sunday is equally liable with the seller to prosecution and fine? The Lord's Day Observance Society is naturally elated. What Pecksniffs our Allies must think us!

Too Mild!

"Has it ever occurred to you," asks a Southgate reader, "that the initials of our four brave airmen stand for 'Serve *The Beggars Right*?'" It hadn't. But we think we could improve even upon this remarkable sentence!

Combing Them *In*.

We observe that on October 31st there is to be an examination, under the Civil Service, for Junior Clerks to the Surveyors of Taxes—*age 16 to 18*. That means exemption for any number of young men of military age. Can't the Surveyors manage with their present staff during the war?

***Cherchez la Femme*.**

What about that military inquiry for which a special Act of Parliament was necessary? Isn't it time we heard something of the "woman in the case"?

Still No Sign.

Again we ask, has the Prime Minister's letter of advice to his Majesty apropos of the traitor princes miscarried? The post nowadays cannot be entirely relied upon.

Getting On.

We welcome the *Evening Standard* to our fold. "At the present time," we are reminded, "there is no security for a Minister's competence—*and no penalty for his incompetence*." Quite so—and, as a rule, only reward and promotion.

Those Inquests.

We notice that the Government thinks the recent inquests on certain of the Zepp victims was calculated to be of service. Then why was the Essex Coroner not censured for dispensing with one? And—quite incidentally, of course—does the latter gentleman get a yearly salary, and the Potter's Bar official a fee for each job? And did *his* inquest count as 19 inquests?

The "City John Bull."

This new issue has, as we anticipated, gone with a bang. Everyone in the City was reading it on Friday and Saturday, and we were quite unable to cope with the demand. Will readers please note that all Financial and Insurance inquiries will, in future, be dealt with in our City Edition? They should, however, be addressed, as heretofore, to the City Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

Who was the Officer?

We want to know more about this: "I am in hospital," writes a private soldier from County Down, "owing to having come into contact with a few Huns at Guillemont"—and then comes a strange story. A few evenings ago the inmates were entertained at a concert and, says our friend, "after the National Anthem had been sung, I called for three cheers for Horatio Bottomley, and three hearty cheers were given"—and the following day our sturdy supporter got four days C.B. for "creating a disturbance." *We* shall create a disturbance, too!

The No-Peace League.

So France is following our lead, and has established a "Remembrance League"; and the English Tommies are asking whether they are eligible to join ours. Of course they are. All particulars from the Secretary, H. J. Houston, 8, Broad Court Chambers, Bow Street, London, W.C.

A Good Joke.

One of our Contents Bills this week—"JOHN BULL. More Tommy 'Rot.'" If only we had a rival, *what* a chance for a score, wit being the only thing in the world which is cheap to-day.

Be safe, not sorry. Sign Free Zepp Insurance Coupon on page iii of cover.

Bradford Again!

There is a body known as the Bradford United Foreign Circles. It has a "German Section." That is enough—but it is not all. "On Wednesday next," says its programme, "the German Section opens with a discourse by Dr. Strauss on Culture and Literature." We do not know Dr. Strauss, but we are quite sure that a discourse on "Culture," by the "German Section," is an insult to fighting Yorkshiremen.

Fish Destroyed.

From several sources lately we have heard of large consignments of fish from Holland being destroyed on arrival here, for no conceivable reason so far as we can discern. One correspondent cites the destruction of "1,000 boxes on Friday last, another lot yesterday, and another 600 boxes to-day." Considering the price of fish and its value as food, the matter is of much importance. If it is a dodge to maintain big prices, it is worse than wicked.

An Airship Envelope.

Not many weeks ago a British airship came down Somewhere off the coast between (Somewhere) and (Elsewhere). It did not come down, we understand, because it wanted to, but either because the elements were too urgent or its engines were not urgent enough. However, when the kindly sea thoughtfully washed it ashore, the public were allowed to strip off portions of its envelope to retain as souvenirs—of another failure. That in itself is ridiculous enough, and we trust we have betrayed no official secrets in relating anything so stupid. Whether any secret was betrayed when those souvenirs were annexed is another matter, but, as we used to be told that the material, coating, etc., of our airship envelopes was a profoundly secret affair, it does seem probable.

Subs. and Cubs.

Now and again one comes across young officers who feel their position so strenuously that they yearn to impress others with their own importance. One sub. of this kind was in a Newcastle music-hall. In front of him sat a wounded Tommy, the fine sort of soldier who, after serving in the Boer War and receiving his discharge, comes back to the Army again at the first trumpet call. He had served in France and was badly wounded in the head, an unsightly scar remaining and the hair being shaved away. So, when the young sub.-cub ordered him to remove his hat, he, not unnaturally, declined. Another officer was found, the two came to Tommy and peremptorily gave him the option of removing his hat from his head or himself from the theatre. He left his seat for a minute, and showed his wound—also his discharge book—after which he came back triumphant to enjoy the performance, while the crestfallen officers retired to obscurity. They know better now.

A Mother's Plea.

"A soldier's mother" sends us such a straightforward, simple plea that we feel bound to voice it for her, though we have covered similar ground many times. But she tells us she had "one son killed last week, one of the best lads who ever walked the earth. Another is in the Navy, chief petty officer; another one just got home after being in France a year and seven months." She also has, serving:—"7 nephews, 2 brothers-in-law, 4 uncles, and 4 cousins—all in France now." Who could turn a deaf ear to so fine a lady? Well, she only wishes to complain grievously that a dead soldier's people should be charged 15s. for his winding-sheet—a blanket. And she fails to understand "how a lad, when he goes to settle with the paymaster, is always told he is in debt, £5 to £8. If a lad in England asks for the truth, he is given 7 or 14 days' detention." These things have mystified others besides this good woman, and it is high time they were altered. —

To our Jewish Readers

Please accept our apologies for two items in our recent "Cinema," which crept in at the last moment, just as the paper was being "put to bed." We endeavoured to make amends in the cartoon in the first number of the *City John Bull*—by depicting the stockbroker, in an old story always associated with a Jew, as a Christian! So shake, and be friends.

A Mother's Query.

On behalf of a patient, long-suffering, and much-puzzled "Mother," will some member of Parliament ascertain from the Ministry of Sugar "how much sugar goes to the Germhun Internment Camps while Britishers have to go without?" If a bomb would drop on the useless members of the Cabinet——" Being of a pitiful disposition, we leave the corollary of the hypothesis without statement.

Jammy.

We printed a message from some troops on the East Coast, fed up with dripping and margarine, and sighing for their share of jam. It is now the turn of troops in Egypt, who are sighing for some of that dripping and margarine! Three months back they did get two ounces of jam apiece, otherwise they exist on the barest of rations; but, out of their big hearts, they write:—"This battalion will forego the next issue of jam, providing our friends on the East Coast may get it." If that is not spoken like real comrades, we will consume our headgear. And they add:—"Still we carry on just the same, grumbling and singing; such is life in the desert, made bearable by the weekly advent of John Bull, which is read by all the men in our lot." Truly have we readers to be proud of.

The Paupers' Pudding.

"Christmas Day in the Workhouse" at Walsall looked like being a sad day, for Skinflint, Bumble and Co. executed a masterly stroke. They were going to deprive the poor old inmates of their Christmas pudding, substituting some plain boiled duff, sprinkled with treacle. It was all to be done to save a pound or two, though one lovely lady had the nerve to suggest that the inmates' repast was so splendiferous that, when the pudding came on, gorged diners dallied with it and had no fancy for it. Few beside those ungracious Guardians of the Poor who carried the proposition will have sympathy with a calculating meanness that would spoil Christmas for the aged and the well-nigh helpless, and we are glad to learn that subsequently one of the Guardians undertook to pay out of his own pocket the difference between the cost of a real Christmas pudding and its sorry substitute. Christmas comes but once a year, and a workhouse inmate knows no other festival. To kill that one joy is wicked.

Rant.

We do not care much for that letter read by Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, described by him as "coming from a Canadian officer." Among other regrettable mis-statements the Canadian officer makes is this: "A great many of the Canadians are going home after the war with an idea of England as a hotbed of iniquity. It is practically all they have seen of it." Then the Canadians going home with that notion must have wilfully blinded themselves to all else. There is no city in the world without its "hotbed," and he that seeks it may find it, but he is not obliged to. The same officer describes plays in our theatres as "depending on nothing but the indecent and the vulgar. . . . Such plays could not be shown in Canada, and, if shown, would be hissed off the stage." An indecent play would have short shrift in London, for neither the public nor the police would permit it. The "Canadian officer" wisely gives no details; he just slings muck generally, a proceeding which the boys of Canada will condemn as heartily as we do.

Nearly a million "John Bull" Pens are now in daily use. See coupon on page 20.

Quakers in Khaki.

As the Quaker's conscience will not fight, how doth it come to condone the wearing of the fighter's khaki? The uniform of the Friends' Ambulance Unit is the honourable uniform of the British Red Cross, *plus* the letters F.A.U. But it is of better quality than that of the ordinary orderly, with officer's tunic and pockets all complete, so that the Quaker actually masquerades in unearned colours. Many of them, shirking instead of fighting, are being placed in the large hospitals, ousting the R.A.M.C. men—much to the disgust of the wounded, who would rather not be tended by these strapping, single young fellows. If the Quaker *will* stay at home coddled in safety, he should never be permitted to disguise his conscience in the khaki of a soldier.

A Lucky Man.

It is noticeably curious how many German gentlemen happen to have "accidents" with their lights on certain dark nights. Out of a number of instances, take that of Ernest Kohn, Westbere Road, West Hampstead, who "said his blind was torn at the top, and he took pins to repair it"—and the constable chanced to knock just "while he was doing so." The constable said that from a top window there was a light throwing a beam 30 ft. in length and 3 ft. in width, so there was evidently some tear in that blind! Kohn said he was born in Germany, had lived here 41 years, and had tried to become naturalised "when the war started." The Magistrate remarked that the "accident" might have been very serious for the people of Hampstead, and thought Mr. Kohn "extremely lucky not to be taken care of." Far too lucky, in our opinion.

Killed by T.N.T.

One story is good till another is told. We had the official version of these too frequent T.N.T. deaths at two inquests the other day. The question was asked why women were not taken out of filling sheds when they became ill. The answer, we are informed, was that they refused to come out because of the high wages. The plain retort is that the answer is untrue. The highest wage paid in the filling factories at Hayes, in Middlesex, where 20,000 girls are employed, is 24s. a week day work and 27s. a week night work. If girls stay out one day, they are suspended for two days as punishment, their wages being stopped at the rate of 5s. a day. They are supposed to have a pint of milk daily. Our information is that at Hayes the girls are not receiving even a quarter-pint daily. With respect to respirators, it appears that girls there have asked several times for them, only to be told that they are not provided. Evidently, Hayes is one of the places some of the official Inspectors should inspect.

More Curios.

Shrewsbury Tribunal tried to distinguish itself, and succeeded. A chemist, with a couple of shops, applied on behalf of the only two competent assistants left to him. First he was asked why he did not employ girls, and then a member of the Tribunal wanted to know why one shop could not be closed! After knocking down those two assistants with a month each, final, they gave three months' to "the leader of an orchestra at a place of entertainment," where a woman most certainly could be employed. A young gentleman's case was considered in private, and he was granted six months, the Mayor making the remarkable threat that, "if there was any trouble with the military authorities," the Tribunal would send the case to London. Very different was the Colchester Tribunal, who, after twice refusing exemption to a single man, find that a badge and certificate had been given him by the War Office because he works for the Anglo-American Oil Co. Rightly enough, there is strong protest at Colchester.

Paise and Cant.

A Portsmouth schoolmaster, now a sergeant, has been invalided home, and local papers have printed letters saying what a good boy he was in hospital. We read, "he has been the means of bringing about a big change in the behaviour of the men. Rules are obeyed better than ever, and the conversation is not so coarse as it was, largely owing to his example and influence." Nobody would belittle or decry the good influence of a manly man, but "to make a song about it" is not advisable, because it works both ways. It casts an entirely unnecessary slur on the other men, implying that they were more or less blackguards before the good man dropped in. We believe they were nothing of the kind, and we fail to see why they should be so stigmatised, while, to beslaver the sergeant in terms of cant, might easily turn him into a snob—from which fate may he be saved!

Herne Bay and Bromley.

Brotherly love does appear to "continue" in accordance with the divine injunction, at Tribunals. Frequently we read how one member gracefully retires from the Board while the others adjudicate upon applications made for exemption for his men. Mr. Wacher, who runs a 'bus service at Herne Bay, executed the temporary retirement act, and the cases of four of his employees were heard. Three received conditional exemption. At Bromley, Mr. F. Medhurst is a member of the Tribunal that granted terms of exemption to five men employed by F. Medhurst, Ltd., drapers. The whole five were "indispensables." But a man who maintains his father and mother, their four other sons having joined up (one being killed), has to go. One Tribunal told him he was doing his duty at home; another asserted he was "playing with them," which shows how great minds differ.

Stupid Slanders.

Silly statements about soldiers occasionally crop up in print, statements as stupid as they are untrue; if the writers knew the pain and indignation they cause, they would not pen such harmful rubbish. A penny weekly printed an article purporting to describe how "thoughtless Tommy" "misuses his equipment"—which he does not do, because it is his pride to keep his things spick and span, while, if he did heaven help him! "Bayonets as Toasting Forks" is the heading of this absurd article, and on it a soldier's simple comment is, "Fancy being able to have toast out here!" Another monstrous fable is that "the trenching tool has been found usable for the frying of 'found' eggs." Now Tommy has a mess-tin in his kit, and its lid makes a beautiful frying-pan, much preferable to an entrenching tool. We pass over the insinuation that he habitually steals eggs, for it is only one of many senseless things in a tissue of stupidities.

The Apprentice.

In some quarters it is contended that a more general return to the old apprenticeship system would settle many trade problems. Not very encouraging was the experience of a girl apprentice whose employers claimed at the Guildhall that she should return to them. They are cigar-makers, and the girl, after working three years for them, was paid only 9s. 6d. per week, out of which she had travelling and other expenses to meet. She had obtained munitions work to do at home, earning 14s. weekly, and her father, a blind man, begged piteously for her to be "let off." But the Alderman felt compelled to order her return to fulfil her indentures. He trusted the firm would treat her liberally; but he said distinctly, "the terms of this apprenticeship are most unfair. You are only paying her one-third of what she can earn elsewhere." As the distressing truth was but too evident, it is a pity the Alderman did not exercise his power to cancel the indentures.

Do you want a Free Turkey at Christmas? See page 28.

Kultur.

Judging by his paper, an American publication, we should say the Editor of *Campbell's Scientific Farmer* is a sober, polite, and altogether inoffensive citizen. Yet this is what he has received, and publishes, from one of the hybrid-hyphenates of an astonishing land. "As you are a Russian, B——B——English, and Race Suicide French Hyphen and Illiterate Belgian pesant you better join the Russians. The name Campbell, a Scotch kilted bare-leged savage stinks in my nose." The dashes are ours; what they stand for is suppressed by this Censor.

The Young Idea.

Here are two little items which show how the education of our children is improving. The first is from a school teacher in Newcastle-on-Tyne:—"Whilst giving my class a short account of the life of Lord Kitchener, I asked if anyone in the class could tell me after whom he had been named Horatio Herbert. At once several little hands went up in the air, and from quite a number of throats came the ready and spontaneous reply, 'Please, miss, Horatio Bottomley!' The other is an essay by a little girl of ten, in which she says, 'According to John Bull, if Members of Parliament would have less talk . . . our Navy would soon dig the Germans out of the Kiel Canal." *That* child evidently reads Winston, as well as us!

Pauper's Grind.

When a workhouse at Newcastle-on-Tyne was, two years ago, turned into a military hospital for certain diseases, a number of the inmates were retained in the new institution because they were known to be good workers. And because they have worked well and worked hard—for there are no soft cushions in a hospital like that—those paupers have been kept on the grind ever since, without one penny of pay and without one ounce of more sustaining food. Pauper's diet for hard-working men is grossly insufficient, while the lack of a shilling or two prevents the men from throwing off the workhouse yoke and making a new start in the world. They toil inside the institution like slaves, whereas such work should provide them with the means of decent living.

Alien Tailors.

Ladies' tailors bring a strong indictment against that trade in Manchester. Many men are walking about unemployed—some of them discharged soldiers, some ineligible—while aliens and enemies are fully employed. The reason is that most of the cutters are said to be alien enemies who refuse to engage British workmen. The trade is busy, working day and night and on Sundays, but the Briton is boycotted, because any masfer who needs men sends to London for them and secures those of his own nationality. Ladies are asked not to support such firms without inquiry, when the truth of these allegations will be apparent. "Mourning orders," we are told, "for loved ones killed by the enemy, are executed by the enemy at home." The ladies must not let such things be.

Canterbury's Cases.

The Military Representative at Canterbury sends us a letter about the numerous exemptions noted by us. He explains that the city, "as a military centre, and in close proximity to important naval bases, is exceptionally well recruited even in normal times. By the time Compulsory Service came into force, the number of men of military age had already been so far reduced that there was comparatively little left besides the irreducible residuum." Therefore, he says, "the decisions of the Local Tribunal show a relatively large number of exemptions," and he concludes that he is not justified in appealing against any of the decisions instanced by us. We thank him for his courteous explanation, but must still insist that local opinion, as revealed to us, is not in sympathy with all those exemptions.

"At the Vicarage"—Snobbery.

Extract from *Bitterne Parish Church Monthly Magazine*: Rev. A. W. Crockett, M.A., Vicar—"At the Vicarage: Ladies, 3 p.m. on Friday; Leader, Mrs. Crockett. At the Mission Hall: Women; Leader, Miss Kelway Pope. At Brydon: Young Ladies, 3 p.m. on Sundays; Leader, Miss Cotton. In the Vicarage Parish Room: Young Women, 3 p.m. on Sundays; Leader, Mrs. Crockett." The which reminds us of a pompous School Board chairman we once heard at a prize distribution. "Ladies and gentlemen, women and men!" he began—whereupon somebody at the back shouted, "And what about the —— puppies?"

Another Unwritten Law.

"It is," announced the Chairman of the Tribunal at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, "the unwritten law of the Tribunal not to give exemptions to anyone engaged in selling beer." Probably the "unwritten law" is one that the Chairman has made up all out of his own head, but when he acts upon it he does so in defiance of fairness and justice. To punish a man for pursuing decently and respectably a lawful calling, is neither law nor reason. The trade is very profitable to the State, and the tradesman pays high to engage in it; while his character must be good. To announce that he is not to receive fair-play is to announce a great wrong.

The Salute.

"Salutitis" is a complaint catching to every recruit in the Army. It is worse than the old "bending the elbow" affliction, for it pains its victim from finger-tips to shoulder-blade. It could be eradicated if the Army would throw overboard one of its most cherished traditions, and would disperse with the salute to junior officers except in special circumstances, reserving it in general use for the rank of Major and higher officers. A new Tommy tells us he had to salute eight subs. or temps. while crossing Dover Market-place. It is not that these young fellows sigh to be saluted, but a lady, walking with an officer, is ferociously keen on it, especially if Tommy has a lady with him.

Men of the Old Guard.

It is hard lines when a man, wounded in France, wounded in Mesopotamia, and convalescent in India, is sent back to the fighting line once more. It is worse still when the hospital arrangements in India are so bad. At one station, during a season exceptionally wet and cold, the men were still wearing their thin khaki drill, "with scarcely a whole shirt or a pair of socks between them." One man actually had no shirt at all; some of them had bought uniforms, others had mended their old tunics—the tunics they had worn when wounded. Pay was in arrear, and there were so many deductions that about 3d. a day was all they expected to get—some day. The India Office must bring home these men, for they have earned a rest.

For a Stained-Glass Window.

A perfect paragon has been unearthed in the shape of the personal attendant attached to Alderman and Colonel H. Hughes, of Sheffield, a marvel of humanity who would have blossomed and blushed unseen had not the fierce light of the Sheffield Tribunal brought him, beautiful and incomparable, into public notice. Listen to Colonel Hughes. His man, he said, "was a wonderful friend; he practically ran the Colonel's household and performed duties that enabled him, the Colonel, to go to London on important work. He did not know another man like him in the world. He was something more than a friend." What more, we do not know; but was not the foregoing enough to go on with? Of course that Admirable Crichton promptly received conditional exemption, and Colonel and man remain a happy family, running up and down to London and perhaps doing one person's work between them. We wonder what are the wages of that most marvellous man in all the world?

No woman should be without "Everywoman's." Every Tuesday, one penny.

A New Name.

One of our readers suggests that "The Defence of the Cabinet Act," should be the name of the measure under whose provisions the Government is playing ducks and drakes with all of us. Not bad!

Fish for Soldiers.

Will anglers, generally, remember that an association has been formed to receive and distribute fresh fish amongst wounded soldiers?' All particulars from Mr. A. E. Weightman, Palace Pier, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

1,000 Turkey Prizes.

We are this week announcing the offer of 1,000 turkey prizes in connection with our "Bullets" Competition. These birds will be of the highest quality and specially selected. If you wish to secure one of these splendid prizes for your Christmas dinner, send in your coupons soon.

Travelling Flares.

The Midland Railway Company are hereby advised that their trains from Southend to St. Pancras are allowed to travel with the flares from the furnace exposed like two searchlights to the sky. As certain of the suburban districts traversed by the line have memories of some unpleasant recent events, on more than one occasion, the inhabitants of those neighbourhoods put it to the Midland, through us, that they would feel easier if the Company would take those precautions that seem so absolutely necessary.

The Reward of Merit.

Signs are not wanting that the patriotic profiteers have got into the military convalescent camps also. At No. 2 Convalescent Camp, Sutton Coldfield, there has been served out twice a week to British soldiers—wounded or nerve-shattered men—slabs of petrified, unnutritious stuff, dignified by the name of pudding. "It is hard and heavy," is the verdict of an experienced *chef* to whom the concoction was submitted—"not fit for convalescents or even healthy men." It is evident that whoever makes this pudding takes the cake.

A Lesson in Honesty.

A good boy of Romford found a packet of Treasury notes. Being a good boy, he did not dissipate the money in the riotous living of cinema and chocolate, but sent his younger brother off by train to Hornchurch, to return the packet intact to its rightful owner. When the smaller boy came back home he did so enriched by the sum of a whole threepence. Which proves that honesty is the best policy, and that virtue is its own reward, bar threepence. Let other good little boys take the lesson to heart and learn to love honesty for honesty's sake, remembering also the eleventh commandment, "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he is sure to get it." Sometimes, however, he does get a threepenny-bit.

Our Zeppelin Insurance Scheme.

Here are extracts from two letters, typical of many we have received in regard to claims arising out of the recent Zeppelin raids: "I wish to offer you my thanks for the unusually straightforward manner in which my wife's claim for damaged bedroom—the *indirect* result of a Zeppelin raid, has been met. It would have been quite legal for you to have ignored the claim." . . . "As a small token of appreciation of your kindness in the matter, I beg you to accept the enclosed sum of 10s."—which we have passed on to our War Sufferers' Fund.

Dormant.

On the confession of the Postmaster-General, during the 53 years ended 31st December, 1914, 4,233,444 depositors of the P.O.S. Bank left untouched accounts, "all under £1 and averaging 2s. each." "They appear," he said, "to have been left with the object of keeping accounts open, and subsequently neglected." If that is the self-confessed truth about the dormant balances of the P.O. Savings Bank, is there not just as likely to be as startling a story to be revealed by a Government investigation into the dormant balances of other banks? Yet the Government refuse to inquire because the *bankers* tell them our dormant balance agitation is all bogey!

Oil on the Troubled Trenches.

A Colonial reader has thought out a plan which, "if adopted, will defeat the Germans at once." He sends it to us, and here it is: "Build several pipe-lines for crude petroleum from Calais, Dunkirk, etc., to the Allies' trenches, equipped with the necessary tanks." (Our friend does not refer to the tanks that have materialised since he wrote.) "At the forward trenches place powerful pumps, pouring a river of oil into the enemy trenches continually. Set fire to this by incendiary bombs or otherwise, roasting out the Huns like rabbits from a warren. Shoot them down accordingly. There is no flaw to be found in this plan, for offensive or defensive." Our correspondent says we are to consult with Lord Murray of Elibank, as he is an expert in crude oils and pipe-lines. So we pass it on to his lordship.

Inconsistencies.

Amazing are the contrary decisions of different Tribunals. At Bourne, Lincs, a blacksmith and wheelwright, crippled in health, was left with only a young apprentice after his two men had gone. Then the apprentice was taken, and the blacksmith's business, which attended to farmers' machinery, has closed down. But at Gainsborough a butcher and farmer secured six months' exemption for his son, 19, single. At Andover a man who sells sixpenny milk was left at home; a cowman was taken. A driver of thrashing tackle was given two months; a chauffeur in private employ was exempted. Two managers of two big garages received exemption; the owner of a small garage, working single-handed, has been called up. And there are, we believe, many other instances of inconsistency equally puzzling.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Lancashire Daily Post" (advertisement):—

"Will the two ladies who picked up a brooch OUTSIDE Messrs. ——'s shop . . . kindly LEAVE IT THERE, and a reward will be given?"

"The War Cry":—

"A poor widow made her way to the Altar, with tears running down her face, and reverently dropped into the basket a SINGLE COPPER COIN. AT NIGHT THERE WERE THREE SEEKERS."

"Woodford Times" (Useful Hints):—

"When using gas stoves to cook, do not light the gas to heat the water for washing up, but put a bowl of water in the OPEN during dinner time, and it will be quite hot enough for washing up purposes when dinner is finished."

"Southern Daily Echo" (advertisement):—

"Lodgings for 2 steady men; SEPARATE BEDS, WITH RESPECTABLE WIDOW. No family."

"Daily News and Leader":—

"The Attorney-General has appointed Lieutenant Herbert Asquith to be junior counsel to H.M. Customs and EXCUSE."

"Kilsyth Chronicle":—

"A gardener-attendant at a home . . . was given conditional exemption 'AS LONG AS HIS AGE REMAINS AS AT PRESENT.'"

"Lloyd's Weekly News":—

"All we can do is to OIL the BUTTS of our rifles to PREVENT THEM JAMMING—and then to OIL AGAIN."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

Dear Premier,—I cordially welcome your decision to adopt my suggestion and set up a special Pensions Department with a responsible Minister at its head; and I hope the scheme will soon be in working order, so that in this vital matter we may get to business without further delay. In the grant of pensions to our disabled heroes and to the dependents of the fallen, there must be no cheeseparing, no quibbling, no spurious "economy," but a frank recognition of the nation's immeasurable debt to those who have given their all for country and King. By open-handed generosity the new Department will best effectuate the nation's wishes, and do justice to the self-sacrifice of the soldier.

John Bull.

To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.

My Dear Bishop,—I am sure you have been quite as surprised as I have been at the attempts to represent me as working in active hostility against you. When we had our recent talk I fully recognised, and have publicly acknowledged, the sincerity of your aims and the deep earnestness of your efforts. Where we have disagreed is as to method. Time alone will prove which of us is right in his estimate of the kind of appeal which will evoke a truly national response—and help us through the war. Meanwhile, in the name of Tolerance and Charity, let each of us continue on his own lines—certain that, if the intention and motive be good, the ultimate results will not be very different.

John Bull.

To His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

Dear My Lord Duke,—As you said in your speech at the Farewell dinner given in your honour at the Canada Club, as Governor Designate of the great patriotic Dominion, you "go to see a nation which is already made and has been tried and shown itself true on many fields." Canada, my Lord Duke, is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. The sons of the Motherland who have made her a great country, and will make her a greater yet, have proved their loyalty—proved their metal, and proved their love. The work to which you go is work well worth doing. It will absorb all your energy, tact, and ability in the difficult days of reconstruction there as here after the war. All my good wishes go with you in it.

John Bull.

To the General Manager, South Eastern and Chatham Railway.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to bring to your notice a little injustice which I believe you will be anxious to remedy. It is in connection with the seamen of the Marine Department of your line, the men who cross and re-cross the Channel so readily day by day. I am told that they are paid far less than men in other branches of the Mercantile Marine and Naval Transport, and have to find their own provisions. Recently in your Pay Office was posted a notice that the State bonus of 5s. weekly would be paid to employees in your Marine Department. But when the seamen were paid they got no bonus, it being reserved for men on quay work, most of whom were already receiving better pay than the Jacks who do the danger work. I really do not know how your Company can regard them as other than "railway servants," and I hope you will see that they get their corner of the bonus. They earn it, you know.

John Bull.

To Joseph King, Esq., M.P.

Dear Windbag,—Your recent speech in Parliament, in opposition to the Bill for depriving Germans of Rhodes scholarships at Oxford University, was one of the most disgraceful ever uttered at Westminster. I am quite at a loss to know why you should be so fond of the Huns. They have outraged every principle of humanity, broken every moral law, and violated every canon of civilisation; yet all the while you prate about the wickedness of "robbing the foreigner," and openly resist a measure demanded by the most elementary consideration of patriotism and prudence. But Nemesis has soon overtaken you!

John Bull.

To Messrs. Trounce and Oram, Magistrates, Petty Sessions, Waltham Abbey.

Worshipful Sirs,—You had two naughty men brought before you. The one scamp was a sailor who "had fought with great gallantry in the battles of Heligoland and Jutland"; the other was a Lance-Corporal of the Middlesex Regiment, a hero of Mons, with two wound-stripes. It was the soldier's first leave for 18 months, and with his friend Jack he indulged in an over-dose of excitement. Yes, there is no doubt about it—the twain were intoxicated; they pleaded guilty and said they were sorry. I can imagine Stiggins, Chadband and Co. turning up the whites of their eyes and shrinking piously from the contemplation of those sinners. But you, gentlemen, did nothing of the kind. You knew the men "deserved well of their country," so you fined each of them the amount of the doctor's fee (3s. 6d.)—and then you paid the money yourselves. Oh, that there were more of the Great Unpaid like you! Instead of spurning those two grand men for a lapse—regrettable indeed, but forgivable, considering that both had been more than once in Hell—you gave them the kind courtesy that was their due, but which many would have withheld. You helped them to regain and retain their self-respect, and, by doing honour to them, believe me, you did honour to yourselves.

John Bull.

To Herbert Nield, K.C., M.P., Deputy Chairman, Middlesex Sessions.

Dear Deputy,—Mr. Justice Avory is not a Judge in whose personal favour I am vastly prejudiced, as you know; but I must say that in quashing the conviction against Arthur James Norris, whom you had found guilty of receiving a pony knowing it to have been stolen, he expressed views regarding your interpretation of the law which, if I were in your position, would give me cause for reflection. He told you that you put "useless questions" to the jury, that the twelve good men and true received "no proper direction," and that you had complicated an easy case owing to your inability to understand the meaning of a very simple judgment! I am tempted to ask what *are* the qualifications for a Deputy Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, and, at the same time, to thank God for the Court of Criminal Appeal.

John Bull.

To Miss Agnes Weston, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.

Dear Lady,—I had an idea that your premises were run on business—not to say commercial—lines, but I have a little evidence to the contrary, proving that, if you are as assiduous in the interests of Jack as your pose suggests, your lieutenants or overseers are not quite up to sample. The evidence is a letter addressed to a man at the Rest, and posted on December 30th, 1914. It is printed "On His Majesty's Service," and it is stamped with the stamp of the R.N. Barracks, so the importance of the letter is plain on the face of it. Yet I find that it was allowed to remain at rest at the Rest until September 23rd, 1916, when it was returned "Not Known." To allow an official letter to knock about for more than 20 months on your premises is a sign neither of carefulness nor thoughtfulness, and for Jack's sake I suggest that somebody in your employ deserves a wigging. Please see that he gets it.

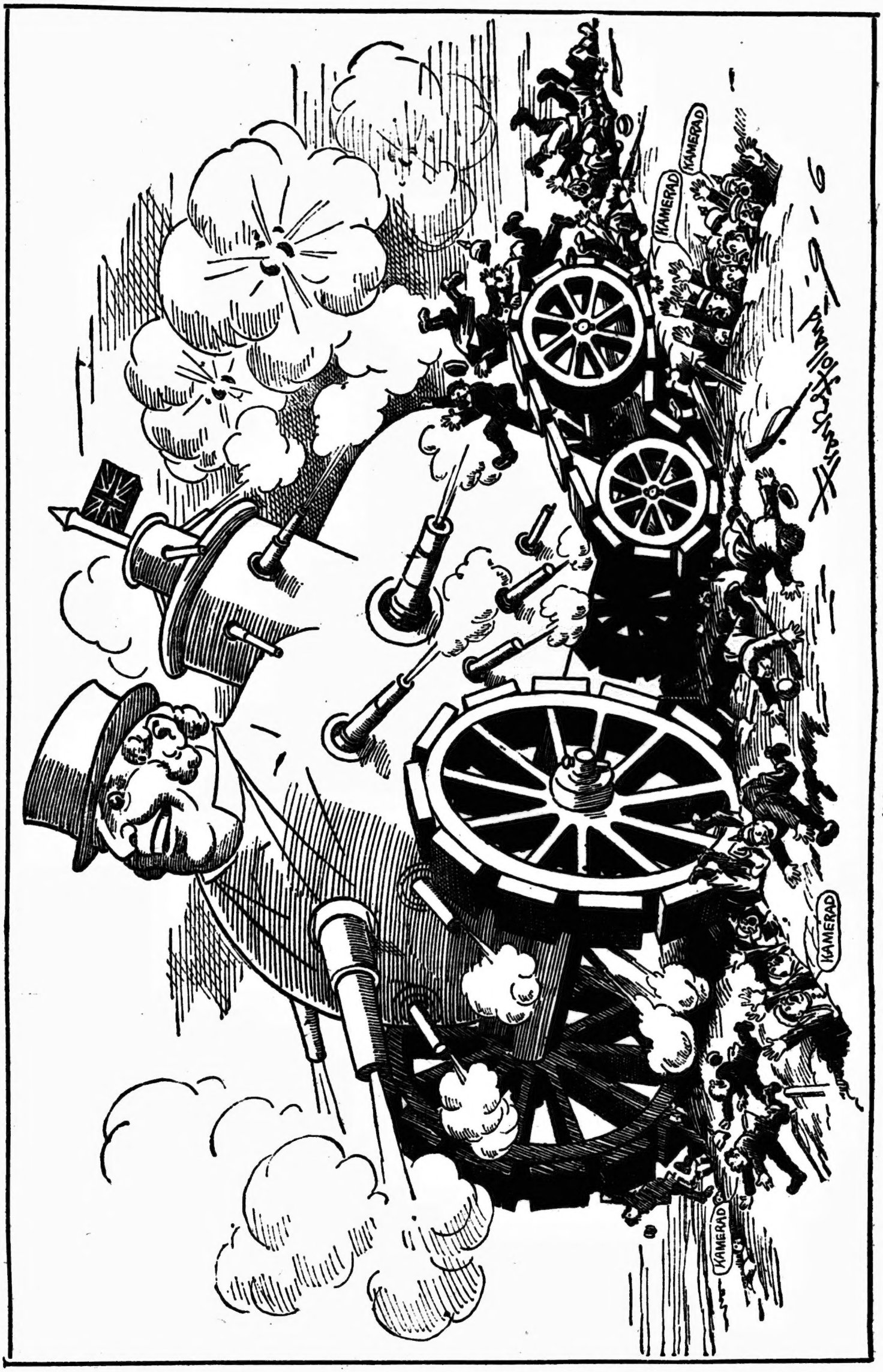
John Bull.

To John Redmond, Esq., M.P.

Dear Mr. Redmond,—Though I am not going to say you were altogether without provocation in brandishing the old shillelagh and hitting Mr. Asquith and his colleagues on the head, I was really sorry to witness the performance—so unpleasant a contrast did it present to that memorable speech you made on behalf of Nationalist Ireland in the early days of the war. But I suppose you *had* to make it, or your political stock in Ireland would have fallen still lower. Still, don't despair. All will come right.

John Bull.

NON-STOP TO BERLIN.



"CLEAR THE ROAD!"

MUD MEN IN MARBLE MASKS.

FOREIGN OFFICE METHODS—THE CURSE OF MEDIOCRITY—DIPLOMACY AND WAR.

By A. G. Hales.

AN attitude of aloofness, and a cold austere manner is, seven times out of nine, the sign of mediocrity. Many a second-class man holds a first-class place in Great Britain to-day on no better warrant. Any dunce who knows just enough to envelop his personality in mystery is sure of a following. Let him look wise, and say little, and he can hold office until some untoward event brings his work into the blaze of publicity; then his weakness discloses itself, and he stands confessed a mud man in a marble mask—for it is work that counts. It is my duty as a publicist to attack policies, not personages, and to draw attention to departments of State where blunder piled on blunder makes any such department a menace to the public weal. During the progress of this war, the journals of the day have, time and again, saved the country from drifting into disaster; and, whilst I hold that "government by newspaper" is not a thing to be tolerated or desired, I maintain that experience has proved that honest journalistic *criticism* is one of the greatest safeguards an enlightened nation can possess. Napoleon, the profoundest thinker known to modern times, sized up this situation by asserting that "only a Government of fools muzzled its press." That dictum is crisp and to the point, like all the great Corsican's military moves in the field. He talked as he acted; he acted as he talked.

Foreign Office Methods.

It is with the diplomacy of our Foreign Office that I intend to deal to-day—more in sorrow than in anger, more in pity than contempt—for, though I have passed the springtime of my life, I have not yet learned to "suffer fools gladly." That is a loftier attitude of mind than I have yet attained. A life of travel has brought me in close communion with many men who are entitled to attach the cryptic letters "F. O." to their names, and on more than one occasion I have felt strongly tempted to read those letters as representing "Fools' Orphanage," rather than "Foreign Office." I have so often discerned, on analysis, that their depths are all shallows, and their shallows all depths—to everyone except themselves. As a rule, they are estimable gentlemen, possessed of a high sense of honour, no sense of perspective, and less knowledge of the things that really matter than a barnacle on the bottom of a boat. They are mud men in marble masks, chosen for their positions more often on account of money left them by astute fathers—or on account of some badly based family traditions concerning intelligence, which departed to the realm of shadows when their grandfathers died—than for any personal fitness inherent in themselves.

The Curse of Mediocrity.

So these badly-selected young men are harnessed to the most important department in the State, and are scattered all over the world in order that they may keep our Foreign Office fully informed concerning the strength and weakness of foreign Powers, and the machinations and intrigues of rival Chancelleries. In time, the bud blossoms into that fearful and wonderful thing, the full-blown Diplomat. Just how well they carried out their duties in lands beyond the seas, let the history of British trade and commerce during the last fifty years show. All the world now knows that in nearly every quarter of the globe our great and malignant rival, Germany, was filching from us that pride of place which had so long been ours. The British diplomats, full-blown and in the bud, did not deign, or had not wit enough, to study commerce and trade—and therefore could not, and did not, send home words of warning that were so badly needed. They held themselves aloof from the mere trader, and moved in a select circle created by themselves and their kind. Our nation was leaning upon them, and what futile reeds they proved is now a world-wide story. They seem to have looked upon themselves as ornaments sent out from home to fill in the scenery. If the Germans had not been mad enough to bring about the present war, and thus open British eyes to the trade danger, the Teuton would have dominated the markets of the earth ten years hence—for the German diplomat, fledged and half-fledged, was in every country under the sun as directly concerned with his nation's industries as with its armies and its politics; they were made for use—not to sit around and massage their finger-nails and look superior.

Diplomacy and War.

Let us coldly and without bias look at what our Foreign Office has done, and is doing, for us in regard to this war. Long before the peace was broken, Germany began to woo our old-time ally, Turkey—not modestly and in the dark, but openly, with vulgar ostentation, as a carter might woo a fish-wife. The Kaiser, in his fantastic tour of the East, advertised the fact broadcast. He planted his officers in the Sultan's army and navy, and in the diplomatic corps; he undermined our influence and weaned Turkey from us—and our Foreign Office did nothing that mattered. Yet Turkey had always been our ally. Had she remained our ally, the war would not have lasted a year—for the Russian myriads would have passed through the Dardanelles to fight side by side with French and British troops on French soil, and the weight of numbers would have swept over Germany like a flood, whilst our death-roll would not be a fifth of what it is to day. Did our Foreign Office look with contempt on Turkey as a military Power because Bulgaria for a time had lowered the Sultan's prestige? If so, why was Bulgaria not brought into the Allies' fold, as might easily have been done? Bulgaria did not rush into war; she waited months before deciding, for the peasantry hated the Turks and yearned towards Russia, the Bulgar's old-time saviour. But we must balance the ledger fairly. Our Foreign Office brought Serbia into the war arena, and then, through dallying and paltering with the unstable Greeks, permitted Serbia to be shambled. When the war ends, we shall be almost as unpopular in Serbia as the foul Huns—not because of any crime of ours, but because of our procrastination and feebleness in Greece, which is the key to all activities in the Balkans. The next triumph of our Foreign Office was the winning of Roumania to our side—and still, at the time of writing, we are weak as water in Greece! The eyes of Holland are rigidly fixed on our movements there, for Holland will enter the arena of war on one side or the other in a few months. If Roumania is sacrificed as Serbia was sacrificed, Holland will in my judgment enter the war on the side of Germany and against us. If we act strongly and swiftly, and safeguard Roumania—brushing Greece aside—Holland will fight *for* us; and the Dutch must not be despised as a fighting force—the country is full of guns of no mean calibre, ammunition is plentiful, and the Dutch soldiers are grand fighters—stubborn as death. They may well change the whole complexion of the war. The moment is electric; shall we permit our diplomacy to toy any longer with Greece and risk throwing everything into the melting-pot, or shall we reassure Holland, Norway and Sweden by thrusting Greece aside, and rushing in giant-force against Falkenhayn before it is too late?

BRITISH TRAITORS AT LARGE.

THE I.L.P. AND ITS MEETINGS—HOW IT HOWLED DOWN MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C.

By Richard H. Glover.

"We have strong friends in England, who, together with the Peace Party, will see to it that Germany reaps some reward for the blood and treasure she has spent."—"Deutsche Tageszeitung," September 14th, 1916.

"There is nobody who admires Germany more than I do."—Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., August 8th, 1914.

"Young men, the lowest aim of your life is to be a soldier. The good soldier never thinks. He never tries to distinguish right from wrong. A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless machine. He is not a man."—G. Bernard Shaw, May 11th, 1912.

"In proportion as England is denuded of soldiers, for foreign service, the anti-war agitation carried on by Ramsay Macdonald and the Independent Labour Party grows more formidable."—"Berliner Tageszeitung," September 10th, 1915.

"All members of the I.L.P. are requested NOT *to assist the Government in its recruiting campaign."*—I.L.P. resolution passed at Glasgow on January 2nd, 1915.

IT is a black disgrace that the authorities should allow the I.L.P. to outrage the feelings of those whose dear ones have fallen in battle by holding their shameful pro-German peace meetings in the public parks. The editor of the *Labour Leader*, who recently served a richly deserved imprisonment in Pentonville Jail for offences against recruiting, now boasts that, despite the parents of soldiers at the front, his traitorous Party are going to hold meetings all over London. The peacemongers claim the right to hold their own meetings in a flat calm, and organise disturbances at all patriotic gatherings. At a meeting held at Glasgow on October 8th, the peace hooligans attended for the purpose of hooting the Marseillaise and insulting French officers present as the guests of this country. At their own meetings the Huns are hailed as comrades. During the few days immediately preceding the declaration of war, a vast propaganda was organised by the I.L.P. Its own organ, whose export is prohibited, said:—

> On Sunday, in well-nigh every town and city in Great Britain, meetings were organised in support of the demand that the Government should maintain an attitude of neutrality.—*Labour Leader*, August 6th, 1914.

Those meetings were got up so speedily as to prove that the traitors must have known even then that their friends the Huns had arranged to violate Belgian territory. The amount spent on those meetings must have been enormous, but no information was ever given as to where the money came from. It is now common knowledge that the Germans had planned to attack Britain directly France was stricken down. That programme was frustrated only by the British declaration of war, which the I.L.P. strove to prevent. The arrangement of those neutrality meetings was consistent with a guilty knowledge of Germany's plans, and the best possible course to adopt to ensure a successful invasion of this country. If those vile traitors who are peacemongering now had succeeded then, British women and children would at this moment be suffering those hideous atrocities which their German comrades have heaped on Belgium. If English girls are not now being sold into compulsory prostitution by the Huns, it is because the I.L.P. meetings failed. When recruiting started, the I.L.P. organised gangs of foul-mouthed hooligans to break up recruiting meetings. Whenever a lad stepped forward to enlist, the I.L.P. shouted and jeered. When wounded soldiers came on the platform, the peacemongers told them they were shamming, and asked them what they were paid. When Michael O'Leary, V.C., spoke, the I.L.P. had a special gang following him from meeting to meeting for the purpose of bawling insulting interruptions. When the soldiers went into training camp, the "conscientious objectors" invented filthy lies against their character. They were accused of vice, disease, and drunkenness. The peacemongers organised a movement for pledging women never to speak to any man in khaki. Women seen speaking to "beastly soldiers" were grossly insulted. Every blackguardly injury against this country was attempted by the I.L.P. for the benefit of its German comrades. Could calumny have killed, those brave soldiers would have been slandered out of existence here long before they sailed to lay down their gallant lives for us in France. Directly they went, the I.L.P. got busy so that their hated countrymen should be short of munitions while fighting their German friends. I.L.P. traitors were sent to the United States to prevent the dispatch of munitions of war from America to our soldiers in the trenches. Because J. W. T. Newbold was punished for this offence, he is to day the most popular of I.L.P. speakers. When Military Service came, the I.L.P. got up mock tribunals and "conscience" training classes and produced such an orgy of falsehood and hypocrisy as to make the very name of conscientious objector stink in the nostrils of every honest man. So degraded a type of anti-militarist was produced by the I.L.P., that the newspapers revolted against allowing his nauseating hypocrisy before the tribunals to appear in print. When the war began, the I.L.P. strove to stop this country fighting until their German comrades were ready to fight us single-handed. When we were short of men they strove to stop recruiting. When Germany had an overwhelming superiority of artillery, they strove to stop our getting munitions from abroad. Directly they saw that Germany's first attack had failed, they struggled to help her by insisting that the war would end in a stalemate. Now that this country is getting the best of it, the I.L.P. is crying out for peace before worse things happen to their German friends. The people to be humiliated and insulted first, last, and all the time are to be the soldiers in the trenches. Bertrand Russell, the I.L.P. speaker who has already been punished for conduct likely to assist the enemy, says:—

> They (the soldiers) will not easily find their place again among the occupations of peace. They will have become accustomed to act . . . in mere obedience to orders. . . . They will have little will power. . . . It will be hardly possible to find room for them all in the labour market. . . . WE MUST EXPECT THAT A LARGE PROPORTION OF THEM WILL BECOME DRUNKARDS, AND THAT NOT A FEW WILL TAKE TO CRIME.—*The U.D.C.*, March, 1916.

The proper place for the I.L.P. anti-militarists is behind barbed wire, alongside their German comrades whom they admire so much, and away from those "beastly British soldiers," whose name they can never take on their lips save as the medium for some brutal curse or sneer. Members of the I.L.P. are the King's enemies, and have no right to hold meetings here while our brothers are fighting and dying for us in the trenches. For some reason an amount of tolerance has been shown to these enemies of their country which is in striking contrast with the pettifogging interference with patriotic men. Already the public have taken the matter into their own hands, and will go further unless the authorities intervene drastically.

MORE TOMMY "ROT."

"HOME BOYS," TIRED OF WAITING, WANT TO BE UP AND AT 'EM.

By Theodore Dahle.

At Keighley, in Yorkshire, the other day, a soldier under 19 years of age was found taking what used to be called "French leave." "I am quite sick of training with the reserves," he told the Magistrates when they demanded an explanation. "I want to go to the Front. I have asked the Colonel to let me go, and am ashamed of being in the country." And that is the spirit of thousands and thousands of fit, trained, and overtrained young fellows in British camps and billets, who are chafing under the incessant yoke of an enforced inactivity. They are dead tired of having their backs to the Front. In six months and less we can now make a British soldier equal to or better than any Boche in the fields of war. Yet the camps, the billets, the streets, the canteens are full of men who have been training and chafing and sickening at home in khaki for a year, for two years, for twenty-six months. "It has got on my nerves like a nightmare," a man said to me the other day. "Durned if I believe there is a war on. I believe the Government and the newspapers are simply codding us in order to keep them in their jobs or rush up their circulations."

Going Bad.

A corporal in No. 9 Camp at Sutton Veny, Warminster, tells me that the appearance in camp of John Bull with its article on "Armies Rotting at Home," caused excited crowds to collect. "It expresses what we all feel," he says. "I hope it will move up the 58th London Division, which has been rotting here for two years." Nobody outside the Ministers and the War Office can say how many trained men Britain has under arms at home to-day. All the outsider knows is that the country everywhere seems alive with them. The wish and the will is in them, the soul of Britain is in them; but they feel they are going slack and stale. The father of a young soldier sends me his son's letter to his "Dear Mum." "We have not gone yet," he says, "I wish to heaven I could go. All my youth is wasti g here. Physically and morally I am degenerating, much as I strive . . . It is a darned shame to keep us fooling around while so many older men are going under." Yet the "million more" and "Every-Jack-man" recruiter and his backers are still scheming for more and more men to swell the armies of khaki stay-at-homes. The rumour that the forty-fivers will soon be demanded is still in the air; and it is now added, "They are getting the forms ready." On the top of all this is the fact, seen and heard of all men, that Mr. Lloyd George, the Military Representatives, and the Medical Boards are vociferating the Lay of the Last Cripple. Hundreds on hundreds of thousands of men, fit, equipped, and ready, are impatiently awaiting here in Britain the order to be "Up and at 'em!" and are dawdling and fuming and cursing away their patriotic enthusiasm, while animated corpses are being rounded up to shoulder the rifle and the pack. The damned iniquity of it all is the deeper damned because we know that everywhere there are codders in khaki as well as codders out of it. The big umbrella of Whitehall, the Government departments, arsenals, and controlled munition works constitute such a scandal that the Government dare not appoint a committee of independent business men to deal with it.

"All Cosy Inside."

In one of her letters, as published in Froude's book, Jane Welsh Carlyle speaks of a certain glass of whisky as making her all cosy inside. Departmental officialism in this country, after twenty-two months of war, is all cosy inside. It has had ample time to make itself comfy. The combing-out process, as practised by Ministers in the departments under their control, is as ponderous a *blague* as could be practised on any nation by a Government of elephantine cynics. They are combing, but so slowly that they will not have reached the last available shirker if the war lasts a thousand years, and the teeth of the comb are so wide apart that they do not even catch a Conscientious Objector at £485 a year. Why, in the name of the Kaiser, the Admiralty should pull under its umbrella out of the rain an official who poses as a Conscientious Objector and at the same time makes a comfortable living in a War Department, is to be explained only by the audacity of the humbug. Three or four times the Lambeth Tribunal have been told, in so many words, to go to Jericho, or at least to keep their hands off his sacred person. "All Civil servants called up," they are told, "are entitled to retain their existing civil salaries, less any military pay drawn," and it has been decided to keep the official at the Admiralty to perform services commensurate with his salary, though the odds are a pound to a penny that it could be as easily earned by an old man or young girl.

Leave and Luck.

While thousands of fit, trained young men have never had a glimpse of the war except in the cinemas and the picture papers, thousands of old campaigners—who have been through the hell of it all from the Marne to the Somme—have never had so much as a day's leave. Many of them have had leave promised; then a dose of shrapnel or of gas has knocked them over, and they have hardly realised they were free of hospital before they are in the fight again with their leave at the bottom of the list. Yet I know some men who seem as often home from the Front, or the back, as if the war were being conducted in the next street.

Loved but Lost.

If there is a reason for keeping thousands of highly trained, fit men at home, there is no excuse for sending abroad boys hardly out of school. "Our dear boy," writes a mother to me, "gave up a good position for a shilling a day. In less than eight weeks after enlistment he was in the trenches, and of course was killed by a Germhun sniper straight away, never having handled a rifle before." We have sneered at the Germhuns fighting their battles with boys; in our own armies, any number of youths under age have been sent out raw, and if they have lived through have never been able, though wounded, to satisfy the cravings and alleviate the anxieties of their dearest for a glimpse of them at home. Others come and go, but *they* never. In vain the fond mother waits and weeps; in vain the father steels his heart to hope; and one day, it may be—and it has been—it is "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still!" Somewhere in France, in Belgium, in Mesopotamia, in Gallipoli, anywhere where the Motherland has called him, lies the boy they have loved, but lost—

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam—
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.

The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the warrior is worthy of his leave. The soldier may be rotted as much by overwork as by underwork. All work and no play, as well as all play and no work, may make even Tommy a dull boy.

With the City far behind us
By the wanderer's tent you'll find us
Where trade is brisk this morning you'll agree,
For he's eager to invest
In a packet of the best—
'Tis the famous Chairman Juniors, don't you see.

Chairman Juniors are well worth while. In quality they are really good—so good that nine men in every ten would like them . . . and the tenth would if he had an appreciative palate. To the usual and ordinary pleasure one has in a cigarette they add something more—a degree of satisfaction that is as unusual as it is gratifying. Their quality and excellence at their price are only possible by putting all the value in the cigarettes. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller, and there are no coupons or cards with them. They are sold by tobacconists everywhere at

3d. for 10.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd. Manchester.

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Ever-Ready Safety Razor

THE 'EVER-READY' "RADIO" BLADE perfected the Safety Razor. It is *some* blade. Always up to the topmost efficiency—will clean the toughest stubble or the tenderest skin with a smile for the shaver. There is no equal of the 'Ever-Ready' "Radio" Blade.

We exercise the most critical care in maintaining factory perfection, until you are ready to use the "Radio" Blade. Each blade is in a patented sealed package, that is not alone protection against the rust and dust, but is absolutely sanitary. (See illustrations of sealed blade.)

You have the advantage of being able to use the "Radio" blade in other frames to make more efficient those razors that lack the advantages of the 'Ever-Ready.'

In every standard 5s. outfit, besides seven of the individually guaranteed "Radio" Blades you have the marvellous 'Ever-Ready' Frame and Handle. This frame is guaranteed for no less than 10 years' utility—is made rust-proof—trouble proof—and is kept in sanitary condition with rinsing in hot water.

SOLD at 5s. and upwards.

The entire outfit is arranged in a handsome, solid, velvet-lined case.

Extra "Radio" Blades are sold by dealers everwhere, in packages of six for 2s., or twelve for 4s. 'Ever-Ready' "Radio" blades fit Yankee, Gem, Star and Clemak Frames.

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A Watch-protector that SHOWS the time — not hides it

This *improved* watch-protector reveals the time in any position; yet protects perfectly. It fits any wrist watch, — once fixed you need not touch it.

Telephoning, writing, driving — whenever the hands are employed, turn your wrist and the time is before you.

WRIST WATCH "Mesh-Guard"

Have one fitted to-day—then the first fall or squeeze your watch receives the 'Mesh-Guard' has paid for itself.

Insist on the 'Mesh-Guard.' British-owned and British-made. Sold by leading Jewellers everywhere. Nickel or Khaki 1/-; in Rolled Gold or Hall-marked Silver 2/6

If any difficulty in obtaining, please send your name & address to the 'Mesh-Guard' Advertising Dept., 10-13, New Bridge St., London

Stamina

THE success of a military enterprise depends on the *LITTLE MISS VI.* stamina of the men; if this essential quality is lacking their operations are half-hearted and predisposed to failure. Vi-Cocoa is the finest beverage for those who have to strive and endure, in the field or at home. With Vi-Cocoa for breakfast and supper nothing is too arduous, the most trying conditions are lived through, and effort is maintained always to a successful issue. Try Vi-Cocoa for breakfast yourself and see how much better you last out the day.

On Sale Everywhere at Popular Prices.

Every week, from Nov. 1 to April 30, 1917, a **20/- War Saving Certificate** *will be given to the collector sending to Vi-Cocoa, Watford, wrappers taken from packages of Vi-Cocoa or Freeman's Delicacies to the greatest value. Those forwarding wrappers of not less than 20/- value will receive a handsome box of Boisselier's Chocolate Bon-Bons.*

Vi-Cocoa

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page ii of cover.

THE TEUTON'S TICK-TICK.

CHILDLIKE CONFIDENCE IN BRITISH SOFT-HEADEDNESS.

Encouraged by the smiling benignity of the authorities, our Hun prisoners' impudence knows no bounds! We have already published letters from these horrible examples of *Kultur*, addressed to respectable British business firms, offering for sale, in competition with our own workers, goods which they are permitted to make, apparently with materials provided by the indulgent taxpayers; and now we have before us a communication in which there is an attempt to resort to another ingenious way of turning a penny at the hated Britons' expense. Both the letter and its envelope are marked with the camp's official stamp, clearly suggesting that this unpatriotic trading is carried on with the full approval of the Government. It is addressed to a famous firm of watchmakers, and runs :—

Stobs, 2th of October, '16.

Dear Sirs,

I allow me to ask you if you would be kind enough to send me by return 2-3 watches nickel or silver with your lowest terms. In the same time I would be very obliged to you if you could name me a firm, which could furnish me tools, glasses, springs, etc. For your kindness I thank you in anticipation.—Yours truly, Emil Hettich, Watchmaker.

Prisoner of War, Emil Hettich, No. 5,974,
Camp A, Hut 17, Stobs, near Hawick, N.B.

It will be observed that the artless Herr Hettich says nothing whatever about paying for the watches or the miscellaneous articles he requires. In view of the liberality with which German prisoners of war are treated in this country, he probably thinks that any British tradesman would be only too pleased to comply with his modest request, free, gratis and for nothing. Our men would certainly not be permitted to endeavour to transact business in Germany—dire punishment awaits any Teuton who even speaks a friendly word to our tortured heroes.

FIVE YOUNG RUFFIANS.

CATTLE MARKET SCENES AT BILSTON.

Cruelty to dumb animals arouses the indignation of every right-thinking person, and one's anger is increased when the perpetrators escape scot-free. A peculiarly flagrant case occurred at Bilston—five lads, whose ages ranged from 10 to 13, being charged with cruelty to sheep. A police sergeant proved examining the carcasses of 15 sheep in a butcher's slaughter-house. All the heads were more or less bruised, and one had an eye burst. Several of the legs were much bruised, and the animals had the appearance of being badly knocked about. The five lads admitted what had occurred, and declared that each was as bad as the other. They put a string round the necks of the sheep and rode them round the shed, and with a stick kept beating them. One defendant took sheep by the hind legs and made them walk on two. We have seldom read a worse, or more saddening, instance of idle, wanton cruelty committed for the "sport" of causing pain. The Magistrate rightly described the lads as young rufflans, but we are sorry he merely placed them on probation, "expressing regret that he could not order them to be birched." That is what we regret, also; a taste of castigation was so richly deserved. As the case ended, nobody suffered one iota—except the poor, dumb, quivering, agonised sheep. It seems to us that the owners or custodians of slaughterhouses should take steps to bar absolutely young lads from such places and thus prevent fiendish riots of revolting cruelty within their walls. We urge this aspect strongly, because we know that on Wednesdays in Bilston—cattle market day—individual cases of cruelty are not uncommon. Lads like those charged are to be seen, armed with sticks, running, thrashing, jabbing at cattle, sheep and pigs, driving them through the streets, and following them into the slaughter-houses. What possibly there takes place is now known, and we beg the police to act upon that knowledge.

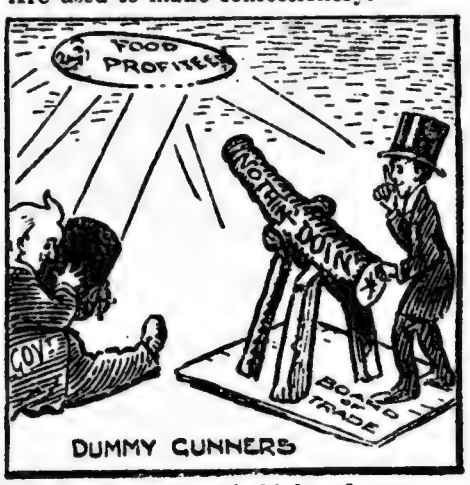
"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

'Tis nothing less than an abuse
For grocers sugar to refuse,
While tons of "Tate" (beg pardon, Harry!)
Are used to make confectionery.

To prove that flag days are not flagging
Britannia's self has been flag-wagging;
We trust "*Our* Day" results will show
Which leave all others far below.

Behold how rapidly decline
The fortunes of the German swine!
In Africa the broom of Smuts
The fear of Hell into them puts.



Small use the mischief to descry
Up in the economic sky,
If nothing further can be done
Than point at it a dummy gun.

'Tis said that Tino's greatest fear
Is not for Greece (a fact made clear),
But that the crown upon his head
Should grace his brother's crown instead!

To all with any British pride
It does appear undignified
That German banks, which sought our fall,
In London should exist at all!

NON-STOP T

PORTENTS PROPITIOUS—ALONG THE VICTORY ROAD—

ALL GOE

DON'T you recall, quite early in the war—how long ago seem those first months of conflict!—the lads at the front in their buoyant bravery scribbling all sorts of directions on the vehicles used in hurrying them to the fighting line? Those were the days when great issues hung in the balance—when Paris, which had been threatened, was still in the danger zone; when Antwerp had fallen to superior arms, despite the gallantry of the Belgians and the quixotic incursion of a handful of British—when all was dark save the wonderful spirits of our men, made the brighter by contrast with the surrounding gloom. Well, the picture that in those days arrested our imagination and confirmed our incorrigible optimism was of a motor-'bus trundling along the muddy roads of Flanders, full of eager-faced Tommies—and on the side was written in chalk: "Non-stop to Berlin." What an inspiring inscription, and how typical of the fighting man! He knew by instinct whither glory would lead him; he said in four words what politicians could not convince us of in four hundred. He was out to win. There might be any number of croakers at home. In Parliament and in the Press the dismal Jimmies prophesied doleful things. Tommy knew better—it was "Non-stop to Berlin."

All the Portents are Propitious.

Who will say now that he was wrong, or that those of us who put our faith in the gallant, big-hearted lads who answered that first call were deceived? Nothing has happened since to change our belief, or weaken our confidence; and to-day we are smashing our way through. All the signs and portents are favourable. We care not where we look—there you will find new reasons for confidence, fresh grounds for assurance as to the ultimate issue. We wasted precious months—the "we" meaning those at home who, having committed the terrible blunder of being unprepared for war, should have retrieved their error so far as possible by courage and determination when the Hour of Challenge struck. We note that General Robertson has just been telling us that after two years we have reached the "middle of the war." But that does not necessarily mean that it will take us an equal time to approach the end. Those two years have really been years of laborious preparation. We have been like men in a beleaguered city, building up our ramparts while the enemy pounded at the gates. That is why we have seen two winters go by, and are on the threshold of a third, without having administered the *coup de grâce* to the foe. But now it is "Non-stop to Berlin," and nothing that we can do must be wanting to furnish the petrol for this wonderful motor-'bus of war. There are those who are once more singing their winter swan-song to Victory. They still talk of stalemate, still measure our gains by the mere miles won, and set against them the sad, long tale of casualties. The amateur strategist, and the politician who fancies himself in a Napoleonic rôle, would have us believe that the wonderful Somme offensive is not what we imagine it to be, and are counselling a halt for the winter. But you will find that the High Command, which has worked such miracles in recent months, has other views; and if we at home who provide the food for the guns and the soldiers will only bear *our* part and stick to *our* task, we shall see the fighting in progress along Victory's road all through the winter. The unhappy—and, so far as the soldier is concerned, the unavoidable—fault in the past will not be repeated. With the expenditure of much metal and many precious lives, we pounded away through autumn mists and rains, and then, just as we thought we were dislodging the Germans, Winter came and Nature and necessity called a halt. Now things have changed, and, thank God, our soldiers are in a position to maintain the attack with unceasing power. No more shall we sit s ill and contemplate the work and the sacrifice, while the enemy, taking advantage of the winter lull, rebuilds his battered positions before our eyes and re-makes his shell-shattered trenches. It is "Non-stop to Berlin" this time. Like other great men, Tommy prophesied correctly—he was just a little previous, that's all.

The Car of Victory.

It is not to be supposed that the Car of Victory will encounter no obstacles, and indeed we must still expect chance disappointments and be prepared at any time for a momentary check in the speed. Because we were not ready—because we neither wanted war nor were warned of war, although there were those, trusted of the People, who knew and spoke the truth—we conceded to the foe advantages which, however, were not as great as he and his secret friends believed, or we and our Allies could never have altered in so dramatic a fashion the map of war and stemmed the rising tide of Germany's fortunes in the field. Think of how we stood a year ago and contrast that position with the position to-day. Do you not see reason for complete confidence; are you not lost in wonder and admiration at all our fighting men have accomplished? There were soldiers' blunders early in the war, but they were as nothing compared with the politicians' blunders. And all we hope, now that the unhappy past has yielded present good, is that Downing Street will learn wisdom and realise that, like Time, the tide of war will wait for no man. Yet even now there are grounds for misgiving—after all this time and all these months of accumulated experience, the Government machine does not work as well as we have a right to expect, and the Spirit of War—the will to win—is weak in high places. Do the Government yet realise how in the face of an Empire's danger the soul of the nation has been strengthened, and with what determination to Triumph the people are enduring this war? No, we think not; otherwise they would never dare to put expediency before necessity, or still to weigh great questions in

TO BERLIN.

THE IRISH CAR IN THE WAY—NO WINTER PAUSE.

ES WELL.

the scales of old prejudices rather than submit them to the test of the Imperial good. We see, now that Parliament has gathered again, like chattering rooks on the bare branches, that controversies which should have died the death, and great questions which have been half-strangled by partisan hands and ought now to be regarded from the lofty standpoint of what is best for all, are still treated in the old miserable Party spirit. How it sickens one to notice the well-worn tricks of verbal ambiguity and the time-dishonoured Parliamentary devices for delay used with a skill and dexterity worthy of a better purpose! And first and foremost stands Ireland—poor, unhappy, misunderstood, and misunderstanding Ireland. It was Ireland that held the political arena when war burst its ensanguined clouds like a tempest over Europe. We sometimes shudder to think what would have happened if in those dark months Ireland had gone down the awful slope to civil war and Armageddon had found us shedding brothers' blood. Irishmen stood to arms—looking across the prosperous cities of Ulster, they awaited whatever Fate decreed. Statesmen challenged in provocative talk, and the King's Army was made a pawn in the wicked game. But the war saved the situation. Shall we let things drift back?

Support for the Fighting Men.

For now to-day, when all should be marching together along the broad road to Berlin, Ireland once more snarls across the narrow waters, and proclaims herself separate and apart. Why *should* Ireland be treated as a neutral country? Some of her best sons have bled or fallen, thousands are still bringing fresh glory to her fighting traditions; yet we are told that the men of Ireland who have remained at home intend to stay there, and refuse to fill the gaps which gallantry and death have made. The pity is that the politicians do nothing to assuage the bad feeling or to point the way that true patriotism should dictate. What has happened to cause the Nationalists, so long and so splendidly ardent supporters of the War Government, to adopt an attitude of declared hostility? Is it too late, even at this eleventh hour, to put things right? When bad blunders were being made and only a few men in the House of Commons had the courage to stand up for Efficiency, the Irish Party remained dumb. To-day, when there is less cause for criticism—or, at any rate, few new reasons for adverse comment—they sit in Parliament in declared hostility, though they remained silent on the tragic blunders of the Middle East and the tale of Irish losses! Even to-day that part of the world reveals one of those crass and hopeless pieces of executive ineptitude which leave the plain man aghast, and wondering whether our statesmen do not at times take leave of their senses. Mesopotamia remains the darkest spot in the war. It is "Non-stop to Berlin," but it is "reverse engines" for Baghdad. Really, one loses patience when contemplating the criminal muddle and fatal mess which have dogged the steps of gallant men, striving to bring credit to British arms in a sphere where a victory would have meant so much. We had hoped that Gallipoli was the only black and unredeemable item of the war. But Mesopotamia seems destined to paint for us the most blood-stained and error-scored chapter of Armageddon. We have two Royal Commissions sitting, one to ferret out the facts of the tragic blunder of Gallipoli, the other to fix responsibility for the awful havoc wrought among our gallant troops in Mesopotamia. Both these inquiries were set up by Parliament on the understanding that they were to be public—that we, who pay and who suffer, should understand and judge for ourselves. But so far the doors of those Commissions have been sealed; no one is allowed to know what is happening. Politicians, statesmen, soldiers—those who initiated and blundered, those who obeyed impossible orders and failed, have been summoned. Is it that the whitewashers are at work?

Cynical Joke or Criminal Blunder?

But those Commissioners, after all, deal with the past. What of the present? We know that men who suffered all the tortures of Hell in the stricken fields of Mesopotamia, who experienced the callous cruelty of neglect because of the breakdown of the transport arrangements, have experienced new tortures even when reaching the hospitals of India because the fools of red-tape and the fiends of parsimony have stood in the way of ample provision of medical necessities and proper comforts. Imagine the sufferings—the mental anguish of mothers and wives at home when they read the Official admissions which, Heaven knows, are bad enough. And now, to crown all, an indignant nation is informed that—because these splendid fellows who have fought under the worst conditions of any of the fields of war, and have suffered the additional pains and tortures of criminal inefficiency, are paid by the Indian Exchequer, and not by the British Treasury—neither they nor their dependents are entitled to the advantages in the way of pensions and allowances which we have struggled to secure for Tommy and Mrs. Atkins. Really Officialdom should hang its head in shame before making such an infamous admission. "Legal Opinion" declares that the Statutory Committee cannot help the widows and other dependents of soldiers who have fallen in Mesopotamia. To Hades with legal opinion! Mr. Hayes Fisher, one of his Majesty's Ministers, has promised to "write to the Prime Minister"—his Majesty's Chief Minister—and to the India Office, to ask "whether there is any intention of providing for the victims of the Mesopotamia campaigns"! How on earth can we expect to get on with the job—with the "Non-Stop to Berlin"—with all this foolery and flapdoodle going on at home? Clear the road—make room for the Tank—with old John Bull at the wheel!

IF

you are worrying about

'that boy or girl of 10'

READ

ECLIPSE OR EMPIRE?

by H. B. Gray & Samuel Turner.

NOW ON SALE 2/- NET
326 PAGES.

It tells you what the future must be for your children if we are to be the Greatest Nation. It tells you where you have failed, and why. It does not *argue* with you, it convinces you. It answers many questions affecting the welfare of our race, which until this book saw the light we discussed but could not settle. Read it from cover to cover. If all the Empire could read it and act on it, all our dreams might come true.

Ask yourself this question:

10 years after peace is declared will my son, then 21, be able to earn more than his father did, and will he be a happy, interested, clean, able well-paid man?

Ask that question:

and then read every word of "Eclipse or Empire?" which shows what you and the Nation *must* do if your boy, when he grows up, is to be able to live the kind of life you would wish. If every British parent were to instil this book's precepts into their young sons' minds, they would have just cause for rejoicing in the near future. The book does not preach, it *proves*. It is unlike any other book you have ever read. But do read it—it will be one of the best things you have ever done. Give a copy to your young son. Your Bookseller can supply you.

THE "TIMES" says:—
"We can only hope that all business men will attain to the ideal which is here set forth."

THE "EVENING NEWS" says:—
"The book should be read by everyone interested in the future industrial welfare of the Empire."

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TOO WIDE OPEN

MOUTHS OF OFFICIALS WHEN IN PUBLIC.

Familiar as household words are the notices warning all and sundry to talk warily, for fear of enemy listeners, yet even high officials are slow to take the hint, judging by what occurred in a train from the North. One of the gossips is connected with electricity and the Admiralty, the other belongs to the Patents Committee. They were strangers to each other, and a third person present was a stranger to both. The Patents man started by asserting that 90 per cent. of the ideas submitted were valueless. He then went on to refer to designs found in the wreck of a certain Zeppelin. They were in possession of a major, whose name was stated. The Admiralty man then wondered that the Patents man had been permitted to see the things, because the same major had bluffed an Admiralty expert, who had been obliged to return without being allowed to see anything. Mr. Patents was highly amused by this revelation, and suggested that perhaps the major was reserving the designs for the Army and hiding them from the Navy. And then the stranger in the corner of the carriage (who happened not to be an enemy spy) quietly broke into the discussion by remarking, "Yet we are assured there is no jealousy between the Army and Navy Flying Departments, and that they all work amicably together!" That criticism froze the fount of talk. We have avoided betraying secrets in this little account of a true incident, but there was no such reticence observed by the two officials.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.

MUCH SAY BUT LITTLE DONE.

Gloucester Rural Tribunal unearthed a curious case, referred to by the military representative as "disgusting." There were "five brothers, and not one of them has gone." The novel feature was an advertisement, signed with the names of four of the brothers, who are all in the cattle and butchering line, which appeared in a local newspaper last December:—"To the public of Gloucester, Messrs. ——, who recently offered their services to their King and country under Lord Derby's scheme, but were rejected on medical grounds, have been informed that rumours are in circulation to the effect that influence was brought to bear in order to secure their rejection. These statements, which are absolutely untrue and without the slightest foundation, are calculated to do them serious injury. . . . Should the medically unfit be again called upon to present themselves for a further examination Messrs. —— will be amongst the first to respond to such a call." There were the four signatories—coming into Court to escape their duty. As we write, the youngest of the four has had his appeal dismissed, another has been granted "conditional exemption," and the appeals of the remaining pair have still to be adjudicated upon.

THE JUG JUGGLERS.

A NEW ASPECT OF THE MILK RAMP.

Recently we alluded to the frank statement of a firm of dairymen that their supplies of milk were sometimes full measure and sometimes "a little less," but it is not to be supposed that the firm then mentioned are the only offenders in this respect. From a second North London reader comes a complaint of a very similar kind. Suspecting some shortage of measure in the milk delivered at his house by another firm, our informant kept a careful note of the quantities supplied, and found that in the course of a week there was a deficiency of no less than 40 table-spoonfuls. Anticipating no satisfaction from the dealers, the aggrieved householder took the matter up with the Weights and Measures Department of the Middlesex County Council, and in due course was favoured with the following communication, signed on behalf of the Chief Inspector:—

> I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter . . . on the subject of short measure in milk. Unfortunately, the giving of short measure is not an offence under the Weights and Measures Act. If the quantity of milk supplied to you is specified in writing in any bill or account-book, it might be possible for me to take action under the Merchandise Marks Act for applying a false trade description to goods. . . . If no written description of the quantity is given to you I am afraid I can do nothing except advise you to change your dairyman.

The upshot of the matter appears to be that, unless there is a definite contract evidenced by writing as to the quantities of milk to be supplied, the dairyman may cheat the customer with entire impunity as far as the law is concerned. In these circumstances, it would seem wise to invite the dealer to give a written undertaking as to the measure to be supplied, or in default "change your dairyman."

RACING NOTES.

By "The Squire."

With Cornsheaf I came very nearly finding the winner of the Cesarewitch. Of course, I proved entirely wrong in leaving Sanctum out of the reckoning, but I had seen him run twice, and I could but form the opinion that neither time did he appear to stay comfortably a mile and three-quarters. So easily did Ballaghtobin win the Heath Handicap on Thursday, that he will no doubt be a good favourite for the Cambridgeshire, but he will find Aeneschot a tough customer to tackle. The last-named will never be at a long price, for he is included in many doubles with Sanctum, and there will be plenty of "getting out" money for him.

The *Special*, dealing fully with the Houghton Meeting, will be published on Monday. Orders (enclosing 6d.) should be sent early to Messrs. Odhams, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Wire inquiries should be addressed to me, c.o. John Bull, at the same address.

£10 REWARD.

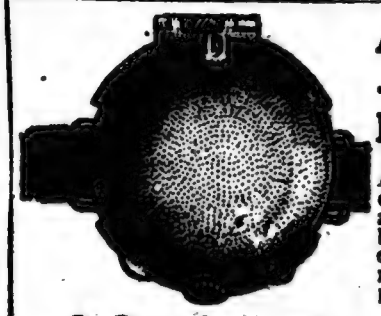
WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for October 21st, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 482,716 and A172,148. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

£35 for an Idea.

A simple competition for every man and woman.

WHO can invent a name for the *new reversible* Army Wrist Watch Protector? A name that will distinguish the new style from the original pattern—that will be original, easily remembered, easily pronounced and spelt—that will, in fact, provide a fitting Trade Mark behind this new Protector that is destined to reach even greater popularity than the original Army Protector.

The original Protector educated the public to realise the need for a Protector for their wrist watches. This *new reversible* Protector represents the highest development of the original idea. WHO WILL NAME IT?



On Duty: Covers and shields the face completely.

Off Duty: Still protects, but leaves time visible.

AN OPEN GUARD —or a COMPLETE PROTECTOR

A closed, splinter-proof, dust-proof, complete guard, if you want it—or an open guard that protects the face, but leaves the time visible without opening. Two protectors in one—reversed in a minute to fulfil the purpose required; that is:

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

(New REVERSIBLE Pattern).

You can wear this protector on any wrist watch, whichever way suits the moment's need. It combines all the advantages of every protector yet invented—several points of superiority—and not a single disadvantage. Gives the safeguard of a full hunter or a half-hunter at will.

Wear the Army Reversible Protector on any Wrist Watch—obtain it from any Jeweller for 2s., Nickel or Khaki finish, or send Stamps or Postal Order direct to Address below.

Who will name the new reversible Wrist Watch Protector? Send us your suggestion on a post-card.

A happy idea will win you a big cash prize—and one for your Jeweller. The only conditions are: 1. That you purchase an Army Wrist Watch Protector between October 23 and November 7 (either the New or the Original Pattern). 2. That you send on a post-card your suggestion (one only) for the new Title, to the address below—together with the name of the Dealer from whom you bought the Protector.

PRIZES:

1st Prize, £10 in cash.

Bonus Prize of £5 The Salesman Jeweller mentioned by the first prize winner will receive a Salesman's Bonus of £5 cash.

Two 2nd Prizes value £5 each. To the Lady whose attempt is adjudged second, a Gold Watch or Jewellery (your own selection) will be awarded, value £5.

To the Gentlemen whose attempt is second, a Waltham Watch, value £5, will be awarded.

Two 3rd Prizes value £2 10s. each. Wrist Watches (your own selection) value £2 10s. each, or Jewellery of equal value, will be awarded to the Lady and Gentleman respectively whose attempts are third in order of merit.

Ten Additional Prizes of 10s. each.

Your entry must be sent between October 23 and November 7 inclusive (according to post-marked date). Any Jeweller will supply you with the Army Protector, but if you have any difficulty, send a P.O. with your attempt, direct to address below. The decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. Names of Prizewinners will be advertised in "John Bull," on November 25. Send suggestions direct to:—

THE SALES MANAGER, WALTHAM BUILDINGS, CHURCH STREET, LIVERPOOL.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON. — No. 2.

THE SMOKER'S FOE.

I cannot find a word to say
For men who work the lift all day;
Who stand and shake their bunch of keys,
And say: "No smoking, if you please!"
I always feel inclined to shout,
"I will NOT put my Crayol out!"

CRAYOL

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The only match for a CRAYOL is the one you light it with.

Be enterprising. It pays. Every time. Take cigarettes, for instance. You should try Crayols. Most men like 'em. So will *you*.

Those who like a cigarette made of Oriental tobaccos should also try 'Karam' at the same price.

IN BOXES,
20 for 7½d.
Also in Packets,
10 for 4d.

P.C.2.—6

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page ii of cover.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

SEND the Boys Khaki Pyramids—the handkerchiefs that stand hard wear, and are smart and nice in use. Quality and price are the same as before the war.

6½d. each 6/6 box of dozen

Every Pyramid bears the Pyramid label.
TOOTALS, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C.
Manufacturers of the Great Tootal line.

P 35 2

Child life

was never so precious to the Nation as now.

High cost of meat is a good thing—it is teaching thousands the super-value of Quaker Oats.

For growing children no other food equals Quaker Oats. It ensures health and strength and robust growth.

Quaker Oats

Write for Free Recipes for every meal.
Quaker Oats, Ltd., London, E.C.

The WRIST WATCH with UNBREAKABLE GLASS

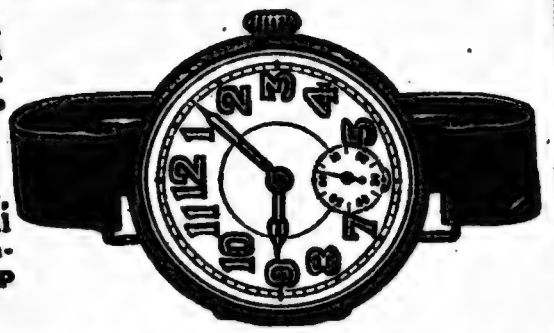
Luminous dial and hands.

THE unbreakable glass on the face of these wrist watches protects the hands and dial from injury through sudden concussion or undue pressure, rendering dial protectors unnecessary. The safest and most convenient watch for Naval and Military men, and for general use by everyone.

The watch itself is the greatest value obtainable at the price; it is neat, compact, and an excellent timekeeper under all conditions. Stem winder, extremely luminous hands and dial, and perfectly balanced movement. Will be sent carriage paid to any part of the U.K. on approval against cash deposit. When writing, please mention Reference No. 401.

In nickel with luminous dial and hands, including strap
25/-

In solid silver, luminous dial and hands, including strap
30/-



SPECIAL LADIES' MODEL, SOLID SILVER, STRAP, &c. (Ordinary glass) 35/-

Can be had with black or white dial. State which preferred.

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM

BIRCH & GAYDON, LTD.,
WATCHMAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY,
153, Fenchurch Street, LONDON, E.C.
And West End Branch: 19, Piccadilly Arcade (*late John Barwise*).

THE BRITISH ARMY STANDS ON

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

CHEWING GUM.

All ranks say it is simply wonderful what a difference *"a bit of Wrigley's"* makes. It is prized by every unit of our fighting forces—Army, Navy, Flying Men, Transport Men, R.A.M.C. and Munition Workers. To all of them Wrigley's means staying-power, and, remember,

It is staying-power that wins the war.

See that every soldier and sailor is supplied with plenty of staying-power in the form of *Wrigley's Chewing Gum*. Slip a few bars into every letter and parcel to the Front or the Fleet.

½d. bar—and a bar lasts all day.
5 bars 2 d. Box of 40 bars 1/6.

Of all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Canteens, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Chemists, including Boot's and Taylor's.

WRIGLEY'S, LTD., LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, S.E.

A BAD START.

MEDICAL APPEAL BOARD'S EXTRAORDINARY ATTITUDE.

To all appearances, the new Medical Appeal Board have not started very well. On the contrary, if the Staines case is a fair example of their attitude towards appellants, they have started very badly. In this case the Staines Tribunal had before them a man of 19, "stated to be a victim of heart disease and to be suffering from corns." The Hounslow Medical Board had passed him; a Staines doctor certified he was useless as a soldier. The Medical Appeal Board, taking the view that the Hounslow decision should stand, refused to re-examine the man; and the Staines Tribunal, adopting the proper judicial attitude, exempted him for a month, and declared they should continue to exempt him until the Medical Appeal Board acted on their responsibility to reject him or accept him as a final decision. Of course, if the Medical Appeal Board have got their instructions that diseased hearts and pedal callosities are magnificent military material calculated to assist the operations on the Somme and hasten the end of the war, there is an end of the particular case. But if the Medical Appeal Board is an independent and quasi-judicial body—that is to say, a real Court of Medical Appeal and not a bogus one appointed to register the final and pre-ordained decisions of superior military authority determined to get into the Army anything and everything old enough to wear trousers or kilts—then it is difficult to understand on what grounds they refused to re-examine the Staines appellant. The constitution of the Medical Appeal Board ought to be a sufficient guarantee that the members will decline to employ themselves as War Office marionettes. They are in a position to stop murder; for it is murder, however far short the term may fall in legal definition, for unfit men to be passed into the Army and there broken for hospital in order to facilitate their departure to the cemetery. The men in such cases are the victims of callous medical brutality, invincible medical ignorance, or damnable medical indifference. Such cases clearly indicate that if it had been possible for muddling bureaucracy to lose this war, it would have been ended long ago.

EYEBROWS AND AN EYE-OPENER.

A GLAD EYE AND THE NIMBLE NINEPENCE.

Many advertisers appeal to the vanity of those with whom they seek to trade, and a firm of this kind is Jean Binet and Co., of 34, Strand, London. Their speciality is some stuff called "Eyebrowlin," described by themselves as "a marvellous eyelash and eyebrow grower." Their advertisement parades the usual pictures of "Before" and "After," the first being an eye with lids and brow painfully bald, the other representing a glad eye of the picture-palace kind, very hairy and very black. This miracle in the way of differences is worked, it is alleged, by Eyebrowlin which "produces that dark and fascinating expression which is so becoming to all ladies." Should you "desire to improve your appearance by using this marvellous preparation," you are desired to send 9d. for it. The definite promise is made—"Sent in plain cover for 9d." But the person who forwards the nimble 9d. receives in course of post, instead of the magic ointment, a letter which is likely to disappoint her. It purports to be signed by Marie D'Avignon, "Manageress" to the firm of Jean Binet and Co., and it sets out that, as "the 9d. size is small . . . the result from same cannot be great." "To give complete satisfaction . . . it will be necessary for you to have my 5s. size for Full Treatment." Coming on top of the alluring promises in the advertisement, which certainly suggest that 9d. would do the trick, the sudden substitution of 5s. as the price of Eyebrowlin is rather an Eye-opener, and calculated to cause the recipient to raise her eyebrows in quite another way. Seemingly recognising this, Marie reduces the price at once, and offers to send the stuff for another 2s. 9d. She does say she will forward the ninepenn'orth, if insisted on, but plainly hints that such a quantity would be "n.g.," and, for the "reputation" of the firm, she would prefer to—sell the two-and-ninepenny size. We do not know much about the "reputation" of Jean Binet and Co., or of their "Manageress," but we fear this style of business is not likely to enhance it, as it has been adopted by one or two firms who certainly do not stand high in the commercial world.

The Senior Service on

"MURATTI" "CLASSIC" CIGARETTES

The Patrol-Boat's Skipper.

"WELL, yes. . . . . there ARE quiet times—especially in unfrequented waters. It's ticklish work, boarding and searching a strange craft with a small party. You never know what she may turn out to be . . . . Thanks, I WILL! . . . . By Jove! they're 'Classics'! What luck!—my own brand . . . . only waiting for shore-leave to lay in another supply. Nothing like 'em!"

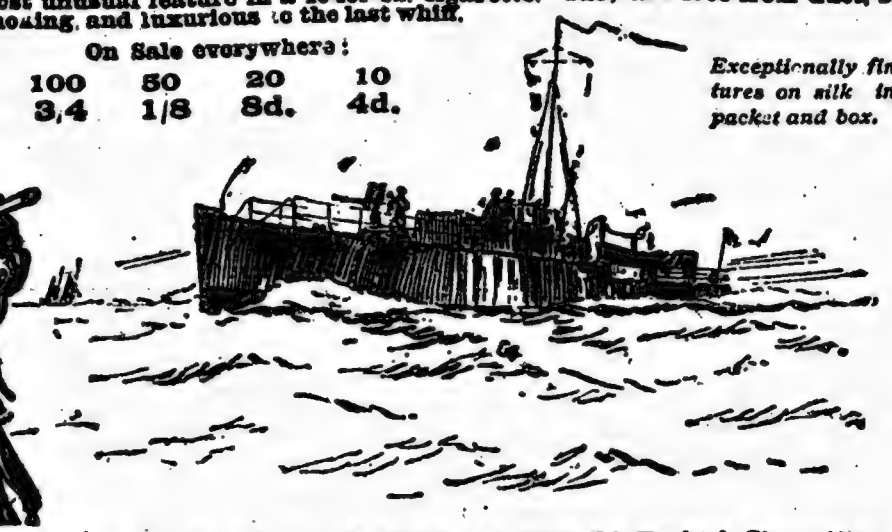
10 for 4d.

"Classic" Cigarettes are of carefully selected American Virginia tobacco—a most unusual feature in a 10-for-4d. cigarette. They are free from dust, smooth smoking, and luxurious to the last whiff.

On Sale everywhere:

100	50	20	10
3/4	1/8	8d.	4d.

Exceptionally fine pictures on silk in each packet and box.



Made by MURATTI'S, famous throughout the World for ARISTON and NEB-KA Turkish Cigarettes.

Your boy at the Front!

He may not like to *ask* you for them, but Cigarettes are everything to him out there. He's worthy of the *very best*, so buy him some "De Reszke" Cigarettes. Post the parcel *yourself*. Then you *know* they must reach him safely.

Sold Everywhere.

MOOVOL

Here's an Invention that

Removes Iron-mould in Two Minutes.

Removes Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, &c. Just smear a few drops of Moo ol over the stain, and you can see it disappear. A thimbleful in the rinsing water removes the Yellow Tinge from fine linen.

Send 1/2 for sample at once.

EDGES, Bolton, Lancs.

Moovol *is sold by all descriptions of Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, Grocers, &c., in* **6d.** *and* **1/-** *tubes.*

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

MARY L. WHITELEY, 17, Brook Street, Lindow, Lancaster. September 30th. 420,537.

E. J. ROONEY, The Nook, Station Road, Rhoose, near Cardiff. September 30th. 624,763.

FRANCIS TAYLOR, 15, Harcourt Crescent, Aberbeeg. September 30th. 083,328. . . . .

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 21st:—

000,097	285,784	598,226	833,798	A194,705
015,654	316,289	613,973	887,287	A225,828
059,822	339,014	654,561	926,077	A268,243
127,763	384,484	692,504	941,926	A287,728
142,975	392,893	697,760	973,516	A332,852
155,474	400,051	741,989	981,918	A364,419
171,821	434,459	752,149	A005,261	A407,547
194,412	478,504	794,857	A047,728	A439,125
227,664	526,663	804,480	A085,365	A483,923
271,098	567,764	819,524	A138,657	A522,338

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Nov. 1st).

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

By Our Own Tonsorial Artist.

LORD KIMBERLEY.

Nex' gen'l'man please! . . . Beg pawdon, sir? *Am I over military age?* Wot's thet gotter do with *you*, sir? If you've come 'ere fur a shave or a n'air cut, you kin '*ave* a shave or a n'air cut, but thet don't intitle you to poke yore nose into *my* private affairs. There ain't no need fur you to apologise, sir. I quite unnerstand, sir. Nach'relly, 'avin' bin sittin' on a Tribunal lately you *would* git into a sorter 'abit of bein' suspicious of men wot look younger or fitter then wot they reely are. Fur my part I don't think the gents wot sits on these 'ere Tribunals are 'arf sharp enuff on the scrungers. There's exceptions, I'll grawnt cher. There's the Earl o' Kimberley, fur one. I wos readin' on'y the other day a few of 'is remarks at the Norwich Tribunal, w'ere lots of exemptions fur young, single chaps was bein' arsked for. 'E let 'em 'ave it 'ot. One single chap of 31 wanted to git orf. Not if Kimberley knew it. 'E sed they was determined no single men should escape. It may sound 'arsh in some cases, sir, but it's the right spirit. This bein' a wore to the bitter, so ter speak, private *hinterests* 'ave to be subjected to public, or shell I say Imperial, needs. I dessay seventy-five per cent. of the men wot's in the Army ter-day could give very good reasons w'y they shouldn't be there. But if they *wasn't* there, they wouldn't 'ave *no* private reasons, nor *nuthink* private of their own, very long. If the Boches was to win we should become a race of miserable slaves. In the face of this 'orrible possibility, private or dermestic reasons w'y a man shouldn't join up an' do 'is bit sounds trivial. Thet's w'y I didn't feel no reel resentment w'en you awsked me that queschun, sir. I *ain't* above military age, but the doctors 'ave turned me down. W'y, I don't reely know. I'll guarantee I'm as fit, if not fitter, than 'undreds of knock-kneed, spavin'd recroots wot 'ave bin parssed by recent Medical Boards as fit fur the "A" category. But I've tried three times, an' I ain't agoin' to try no more. W'en they want me they kin 'ave me. It seems ter me the Tribunals an' the Medical Boards 'ave bin workin' in oppersite directions. The Boards 'ave bin parssin' men wot's orlready crocked up, an' the Tribunals 'ave bin exemptin' young, fit, unmarried men by the thousands. Thet's w'y we want more Lord Kimberleys, sir. . . . 'Ow will thet do, sir? . . . Thank you, much erbliged, I'm shore. *Goo'* day, sir!

PEEPS AT THE GREAT.

By Our Watchful Window Cleaner.

MR. PRETYMAN.

"Go rarnd to Mr. Pretyman's," the guv'ner sed to me t'other mornin', "an' clean 'is winders. 'Op it!"

"Mr. Pretyman?" I ses, "'oo's 'e? Make it Mrs. Prettywoman, an' I'm yer man," I ses.

"'Ere, none o' yore ole buck," ses the guv'ner. "You know 'oo Mr. Pretyman is, right enough."

"*Corse* I do," I ses. "'Oo is 'e?"

"W'y, thet bloke at the Board o' Trade wot's responsible fur windin' up the 'Un firms," ses the guv'ner.

"Oh, *'im!*" I ses. "'E wants windin' up 'isself, from orl I 'ear." Enny 'ow, I goes round, an' starts on the second-floor. About 8 o'clock it was, an' time the 'ouse was stirrin', I thort. But orl the blinds was down bar one, so I nach'relly starts on thet winder first. It ain't very interestin' cleanin' winders with the blinds down. I raises me 'ead over the sill as careful as a Boche lookin' over 'is parapet in Frawnce. It ain't fair to startle people in the mornin's by comin' on 'em too sudden-like. Well, there was a rawther good-lookin' bloke jest gittin' outer bed. But I never see nobody move so slow in me life. Like wot the drill sergeants say to the raw recrooties, 'e was too slow to catch a cold. Then 'e draw'd 'is watch out from under 'is piller, an' looks at it.

"Dear me!" 'e ses. "I forgot to wind it up larst night!" An' starts twistin' the winder so slow I could count the clicks.

"'Ere, 'and it over," I ses. "W'en you've gotter thing to wind up, wind it up, don't ass about wiv it!"

'E wasn't very startled, but tried to look dignified in 'is perjarmers an' 'is 'air orl over 'is 'ead.

"Thank you," 'e ses, "I'm perfeckly capable of windin' up me own watch."

"You ain't capable of windin' enny-think up, as fur as I can see," I ses. "Wot erbout them 'Un firms wot oughter bin wound up months ago? Wot about thet Deutch, or suthink, Bank? W'ile Tommy is doin' 'is damdest to wind up the Watch on the Rhine, you 'esitate to wind up these 'ere enemy firms in our mist wot 'ave bin suckin' the life blood outer our commerce, as the blokes wot spout in Hyde Park say."

"It is a most unpleasant task," 'e ses, sighin'.

"Orl the more reason w'y you should jump to it an' git it done," I ses. "Killin' Germans ain't the nicest job, I reckon, but our boys is doin' it fine. Do yore bit in return," I ses, as 'e left the room.

WAR TIME ECONOMY.

Send for a "JOHN BULL" PEN.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, Standard Model. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. *(Oc. 28 1916.)*

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co.

PERICLES
CYCLE TYRES

5⅓ WIRED ON COVERS

5½ WIRED ON LIGHT COVERS

2/9 TUBULAR TYRES

If you cannot afford a high-priced tyre, you certainly cannot afford a low-quality one.

Get the Pericles—the low-priced tyre—which is unequalled at anything like its cost.

IN ALL STANDARD SIZES OF ALL CYCLE AGENTS.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.

"EVER READY"

BRITISH MAKE—THE WORLD'S BEST.

"EVER-READY" POCKET LAMP.

No. 1626. 5/6 complete With 2-cell Dry Battery. Body leather covered red, green, or brown. Nickel-plated fittings. Weight 11 oz. Inland, 4d. B.E.F., 1/-. Larger Model. No. 1614, 3-cell. 7/6 complete. Postage:

"EVER-READY" ELECTRIC TORCHES.

With Dry Batteries. Various sizes and finishes, from 3/6 to 24/-. We illustrate No. 1547, 6/6 complete, fitted with a two-cell dry battery and a permanent switch. Leather-covered. Can be supplied nickel-plated all over. No. 1548 same price, weight, 12 oz. Postage, Inland, 3d. B.E.F., 1s.

"EVER-READY" MILITARY INSPECTION LAMP.

With security belt clip and handle combined. With Dry Battery. No. 1822. 4/- complete. Covered hard grain leather in khaki. Nickel-plated fittings. Weight 8 oz. Postage: Inland, 4d. B.E.F., 1/-.

"EVER-READY" MULTIFLECTOR HAND LAMP.

With Dry Battery. No. 1636. 10/6 complete. Polished Mahogany Case. Nickel-plated fittings. Weight 24 oz. Postage: Inland, 6d. B.E.F., 1/-.

"EVER-READY" MILITARY INSPECTION LAMP.

With Dry Battery. No. 1830, 10/6 complete. Canvas bag with loop for attaching to belt. Nickel-plated Reflector with button-hole clip. Weight, 21 oz. Postage, Inland, 4d. B.E.F., 1s.

"EVER-READY" MILITARY LAMP. The Lamp for Officers.

With Dry Battery. No. 1634A. 21/- complete with leather case as illustrated. Fitted with clip at back for attaching to belt. Postage: Inland, 6d. B.E.F., 1/-.

We cordially invite you to call and inspect our large and varied selection of Portable Electric Accessories, such as Hand and House Lamps, Pocket Lamps, Torches, Lanterns, Military Lamps, Cycle Lamps, Bell Sets, Medical Coils, etc.

Art Catalogue "A.V.," giving full particulars, sent post free on application to:

THE PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Ltd.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.

SPECIAL WAR-TIME OFFER TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

Britain can't afford to wait for trained men and women. All must get ready now.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free.

Women are specially invited to apply, also soldiers, sailors, and all men exempt from military service. Simply cut out and post the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
241, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Business Training	—Coal & Metal Mining
—Book-Keeping	—Mechanical Engineering
—Shorthand-Typewriting	—Draughtsmanship
—Salesmanship	—Electrical Engineering
—Shopkeeping	—Architecture & Building
—Advertising	—Illustrating & Designing
—Munition Work	—Marine Engineering
—Boiler Engineering	—Steam Engineering
—Gas Power Engineering	—Woodworking
—Meter Engineering	—Electric Lighting and Traction
—Industrial Chemistry	—Careers for Women
—Careers for Men	

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

THERE IS REAL HELP & STRENGTH FOR YOUR NERVES IN SARGOL.

IF you take Sargol regularly three times a day you will have gained in a short time a fund of health, strength, and nerve force which will be of inestimable value to you—and you will have gained it easily and pleasantly at the minimum cost for safe and scientific treatment.

The distraction of over-work, worry, or illness exhausts the vital forces so that the damage done is too often irreparable if proper treatment is not secured in time. Why run the risk of a serious breakdown? Why not acquire that greatest of all blessings, HEALTH, by a short course of Sargol?

You will find that the good which Sargol does is lasting and progressive—not a fleeting stimulus such as the old-time "Tonics" gave, but regular daily improvement, with no reaction and no wearing off of its effects.

Sargol is rich in the elements that tend to make the nerves calm and strong and the body robust. It is a doctor's prescription and not a patent medicine. It is compounded so carefully that even the weakest stomach will quickly assimilate its strength and nerve restoring properties. This is why it is so freely prescribed by Physicians for those who are weak or are lacking in strength and nerve force.

If you are wondering if Sargol would actually benefit you, why not do the one thing that can convince you—give Sargol a trial? And with your nerves begging for help, why not do this soon?

Sargol is sold and recommended by such high-class firms as Boots Cash Chemists, Harrods, Selfridge's, Taylor's Drug Stores, Lewis & Burrows, and Wm. Whiteley's. If you do not live near a dealer send 3s. direct to the

SARGOL COMPANY, Dept. 561,
Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

There are many things which may cause the digestive system to break down, but whatever the cause, you must restore your stomach, liver and bowels—the principal organs of digestion—to thorough working order.

The "Very Thing" FOR YOU

Take a short course of Mother Seigel's Syrup. It has benefited others and may prove "the very thing" for you. This world-famous remedy is made from *more than ten* different medicinal extracts of roots, barks, and leaves, which in combination possess, in a remarkable degree, the power of toning and strengthening the stomach and regulating the action of the liver and bowels. Thus it prevents and removes such troubles as biliousness, pains after eating, flatulence, headaches and constipation.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM

INDIGESTION

The 2/9 size contains three times as much as the 1/3 bottle.

"SOMEWHERE"– *EVERYWHERE!*

Is Symington's Soup a real joy these chilly days? **Ask Tommy in his Trench!**

Is it a real economy? **Ask the good wife at home!**

Is it rich, delicious, something to look forward to? **Ask the youngsters!**

Or—to save yourself that trouble—buy and try a packet of Symington's Soup yourself to-day.

SYMINGTONS SOUPS

13 VARIETIES.—*Tomato, Oxtail, Mulligatawny, Lentil, Kidney, Hare, Mock Turtle, Green Pea, Celery, Pea, Scotch Broth, Onion, White Vegetable. Sold everywhere.*

W. Symington & Co., Ltd., Bowden Steam Mills, Market Harboro'.

War-Worn and Wounded

Invalid Soldier finds New Health.

Here is a soldier's letter, straightforward and convincing, in praise of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The writer is Gunner H. Kessel, of the Royal Field Artillery, who, writing from 137, West Street, Erith, Kent, says:—"I was sent home from France wounded and run down, and when I got to this side of the water I started to take your Tablets. I am glad to say I have recovered now, and am sure it is Dr. Cassell's Tablets that have pulled me together again. I shall always recommend them, for I am certain if others try them, they will be pleased with the results."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets nourish the nerves and create strength for the whole system.

Gunner Kessel.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown.	Nervous Debility.	Indigestion.	Palpitation.
Nerve Paralysis.	Sleeplessness.	Stomach Disorder.	Premature Decay.
Spinal Paralysis.	Anæmia.	Mal-Nutrition.	Loss of Flesh.
Infantile Paralysis.	Kidney Disease.	Wasting Diseases.	Brain Fag.

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JOHN BULL Advertisement Guarantee is on page ii of Cover.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *19th August, 1916.*

Can it be True?

From several quarters we have been asked if it is a fact that the Commander of the Zeppelin which came down in Essex has practically been made an honorary member of an officers' mess at Colchester. We cannot answer, but nothing would surprise us just now.

Food for Thought.

From one of our Prisoners of War Camps the other day, over half-a-ton of excellent dripping, packed in tins and casks, was dispatched to a neighbouring soap works, labelled "fat." We consider that this dripping should have been put to better use. If it had been sold in the district for food, it would have realised a high price. Who will make the inquiry?

Playing for Safety.

The Commanding Officer of the Artillery Training School at Avington Park Camp, Winchester, has taken steps to prevent his men from drowning themselves. One of his latest orders reads: "The allowance of water for baths is five gallons per man, and is represented by two inches of water in the footbath." No scope for a Swimming Instructor here.

How it is Done.

A man was discharged from both Army and Navy with a bad character, and necessarily his papers were endorsed with a caution, reminding him that if he attempted to re-enlist he would be liable to imprisonment with hard labour for two years. Yet he was arrested, searched, and thrown into a cell, and was subsequently fined £2, because he was not a soldier—being subsequently sent under escort to Canterbury. The Major in charge at that station told the man there was a mistake somewhere. We agree.

The Medical Scandal.

We are not surprised that so many crocks are sent to the front, having regard to the way in which Medical Officers often scamp their work. In one camp the other day we saw nearly 150 men passed by the doctor in a quarter of an hour—and we understand that they were all marked "Fit"! In another camp we met a deaf man who was similarly passed, the medico merely taking a quick peep into each ear with his naked eye. We feel inclined to suggest that the Medical Department should be scrapped.

Robbing Tommy.

We have said several times, and repeat, that the soldiers at the fronts and at home are being rooked and robbed. Tommy is being defrauded in many instances by the Company Q.M.S. and by the Quartermaster, who quite possibly act in collusion with their superior officer. The politicians and the leaders of the so-called Parties should be wise in time and recollect that the nation is now in arms, and that the men who count are studying matters, and when demobilisation takes place those who are now serving will take the bit in their teeth. Remembering the injustices under which they suffer at present, they may march in a mob on the War Office and the House of Commons and clear them out, thus following the precedent of the Great Protector. It will be well for the nation if bigger things do not happen. We know that our soldiers are being robbed, and victims who come back from the front still seeing red are not likely to be placated by soft soap and sawder. We throw out this hint in the hope that the well-paid chiefs will give heed to it. Hosts of Tommies abroad and at home have asked us to voice their unbearable grievances.

Bullying Tommy.

An order has been issued in France to the effect that no N.C.O. or man who has not been inoculated within twelve months will be allowed home leave; and yet inoculation is supposed not to be compulsory!

A Way they have in the Army.

We should like to know what influence was at work when Inspectors of Army Canteens were appointed. These gentlemen are expected to be fully informed in regard to everything concerning food and drink, but the bulk of the men, being drawn from ordinary commercial classes, know nothing whatever about such things, their only knowledge of refreshment being gathered during the mid-day "smile." Thus Tommy suffers.

"Indispensables."

We have a legitimate complaint from the Royal Sussex Regiment, stationed at Bangalore. Some time ago, one regulation shirt was issued to them, and now a battalion order compels each soldier to have two, the second to be purchased by himself, whereas it should be a free issue. They are punctilious in this battalion—we notice in regimental orders that the wearing of braces when parading in shirt sleeves is prohibited. How are the men to keep their bags up?

Starving the Soldier.

Tommy ought to get his diet according to a fixed scale, and the Orderly Officer is supposed to receive and consider all complaints made concerning quantity, quality and cooking; but regulations appear to have been thrown to the winds, and we regret to know that when men complain they are bullied and threatened with imprisonment. As a matter of fact, one man in a Hackney battalion quite recently got seven days' confinement and pack drill for daring to make the complaint that King's Regulations practically invite.

Earl Roberts Rest House.

Service men using King's Cross and St. Pancras Stations express appreciation of the Earl Roberts Rest House near by, and a few days ago our Military Commissioner inspected it and was highly pleased with the arrangements made for the soldiers' and sailors' comfort by a band of voluntary lady workers. The Committee would, we are assured, be only too glad to supply the men with what they require upon even lower terms than at present, but it is necessary to accumulate a reserve fund for reconstruction work after the war is over.

About the Penny Stamp.

We are still asked why the sailor should be compelled to put a stamp upon his letter while Tommy's correspondence is forwarded free? We give it up.

Jack Ashore.

Time-expired naval men by the thousand are still slogging away on the ocean, though in the depots ashore are other thousands of bluejackets who have never been to sea since the war began. The old hands want leave and a rest, and we think they should get it. There would seem to be navies—as well as armies—rotting at home!

Jack Bullied, Too.

The skipper of a Lowestoft minesweeper instituted rules of his own concerning leave, but was brought to book when the matter was mentioned to the Base Officer. The petty tyrant has now locked away the men's jam and compels them to eat bully beef, although fresh meat is available. We suggest that the Base Officer might select a decent skipper in the place of this Snarleyow.

Whistling for Commissions.

Some months ago the Admiralty approached the masters and officers of ammunition ships at a Northern base, asking them to sign on for the duration of the war—promising them temporary commissions. They loyally complied, but are still waiting for the Admiralty to carry out its undertaking. At all the other bases the officers hold commissions.

A Hint to Jellicoe.

Many sailors of the Grand Fleet have brought their wives to an anchor at the bases to which they are attached. Now and again a vessel goes into dry dock to be overhauled and refitted, and the married men naturally consider it a hardship that they are not given night leave ashore. We are sure that if this grievance were brought to the notice of Sir John Jellicoe, he would immediately have it rectified.

Our Station at Larne.

Larne has the reputation of being at present the worst British naval base: we are bombarded with letters from men who have to serve and suffer there. For the present, we will merely ask the Commander of the base to interest himself personally in affairs in general. He should call for evidence, in confidence, from the fine men in the small-craft service. If he does so, and an improvement is not made, we shall have something further to say.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. W. Askey, 24216, West Yorks; Lieut. G. W. Lamb, King's Liverpools; L-Cpl. Geo. Plummer, 6277, C Coy., Q. R. W. Surreys; Pte. J. B. Shaw, 9983, D Coy., R. W. Fusrs.; Pte. H. A. Davenport, 16633, Royal Fusrs.; Pte. J. Quarman, 13985, A Coy., Bedfords; Pte. H. Hodgson, 25165, S. W. Borderers; Pte. J. Taylor, 1410, Stretcher Bearer, D Coy., Royal Fusrs.; Pte. C. F. Gibson, 24893, D Coy., Gloucesters; Pte. W. E. Grewcock, 12663, 9th Essex; Pte. G. Sherston, 18829, A Coy., Yorks and Lancs; Pte. R. Fisher, 4996, 1/8 Irish King's Liverpools; Pte. S. H. Ford, 25230, D Coy. 10th Gloucesters; Pte. R. J. Quayle, 29713, King's Liverpools; Pte. J. Foster, 1750, D Coy., 11th Platoon, 5th Batt., Aus. Imp. Force; 2nd Lieut. E. Kavanagh, Manchesters; Pte. E. Howard, 5249, King's Liverpools; Pte. W. Sewell, 16199, Norfolk Regt.; Cpl. H. Hunt, 17449, D.L.I.; Pte. W. W. Clark, 4776, D Coy., London Scottish; Pte. A. Glover, 12174, Royal Berks; Pte. F. Howse, 5094, A Coy, Lewis Gun Sec., London Scottish; L.-Cpl. H. C. Lumb, 16th R.F., att. Manchesters; Pte. H. Holmes, 1618, A Coy., West Yorks; Pte. J. Pearson, 17457, B Coy., Royal Scots; Sergt. J. H. Reason, 5514, Royal Fusrs.; Corpl. J. Muntz, G 2284, Middlesex; L.-Cpl. A. M. Cattanach, 3658, Cameron Hdrs.; Pte. C. Nice, 4563, D Coy., North Staffs; Pte. N. O'Herliky, 13666, 102 Coy., M.G.C.; L.-Cpl. R. Hall, 8828, 2nd Suffolk Regt.; Pte. H. E. Lafloley, A Coy., Devons; Pte. C. Burgess, 45972, D Coy., Worcesters; Sergt. G. Turner, D.C.M., 74076, 2nd Canadian Contingent, 28th Batt., 6th Inf. Bde.; Pte. E. Powell, 2510, C Coy., 1/8th Irish King's Liverpool Regt.; L.-Cpl. W. G. Edwards, 8954, L. B. Coy., Cameronians; L-Cpl. W. Welsh, 6099, 10th A. & S. Hdrs.; Pte. H. T. Smith, 17951, King's Liverpools; Cpl. W. Millis, 1691, Black Watch; Pte. A. H. W. Harley, 4548, L.M.G.S., A Coy., 1/2 London Regt. R. F.; Pte. C Moss, 27941, Liverpool Regt; Pte. J. Bateman, 5789, Royal Berks; Pte. F. Barnes, 22459, D Coy., L.N.L. Regt.; Pte. G. Hilton, A Coy., 2nd Royal Sussex Regt.; Pte. F. Holmes Castle, 8455, A Coy., East Kent, Buffs; Rfn. H. Holden, 3641, D Co., Royal Irish Rifles; Pte. A. Long, 2397, A Coy., Northants Regt.

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down

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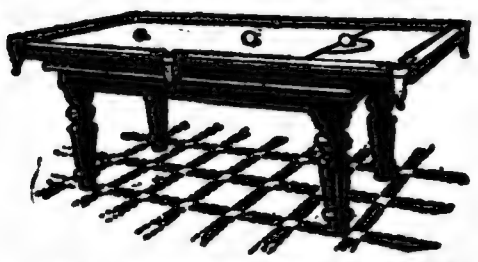

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IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

The sailor son of a widowed mother was drowned during the Jutland battle, and the poor woman was left alone in the world. The brave fellow had an orphan child, which is lying ill. No money was coming into the house, so we took the case in hand.

A man was put out of the Service, suffering from locomotor ataxia. Naturally he cannot work, and his family was in a state of destitution until we came to the rescue.

A discharged soldier lost the thumb and three fingers of one hand, and is unfit for work. He has a wife and child, and the condition of affairs in his humble home was deplorable until he came to us and obtained assistance.

Belfast is at the present moment one of the most prosperous cities in the British Isles; yet from there we receive weekly many applications for help. As we have before remarked, in case of doubt we use the probe, and regret to have to say that in a great proportion of the cases sent to us from the Ulster capital the applicants are found to be undeserving. When half a dozen appeals reach us simultaneously from one small street, we are forced to conclude that there has been an organised attempt upon our Fund. The professional cadger may take it straight from us that there is "nothing doing." Our remarks are not confined to Belfast, as they apply equally to many districts on this side of the Channel, where some people appear to think that it is only necessary to send a tearful letter to JOHN BULL in order to obtain money. Every deserving case is relieved on the spot, but we take very good care that the unworthy go empty away.

Another point we would emphasise is that when distance renders it impossible to make personal investigation, we ask for documentary proof. The evidence sent in a large number of cases consists of pawn-tickets, or rent books showing that the landlord has not been paid for a month or two. We also receive letters charging the Paymasters with not having sent on separation allowance. We make inquiries, and we are sorry to say sometimes discover that the latter allegation is false. Pawntickets and rent books with gaps in them might mean real distress, but on the other hand they may indicate thriftlessness and other faults we do not wish to write about!

The grief-stricken wife of a soldier in the "Big Push" has a little boy who is suffering from an incurable disease. The little lad was sent to hospital and was discharged, as nothing can be done for him. In the meantime, he has to get nourishment and other things that his mother cannot provide out of her scanty allowance. We helped.

Turned out of the Service with chronic rheumatism and no pension, a poor chap came home to his wife and two children with a few shillings in his pocket. His helpmate came to us and stated the case, and we acted promptly.

We are glad to know that the Baker Street Pensions Issue Office is about to be abolished, so far as its present administration is concerned.

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&
YOUR SKIN

DON'T let the damp weather and cold winds put your skin's machinery out of gear and cause the complexion to suffer. See that your skin regularly gets that natural and revitalising "bath" of purifying oxygen which Ven-Yusa Cream gives. This invigorates the tissues, and keeps the skin soft and free from roughness and chafing.

VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Face Cream

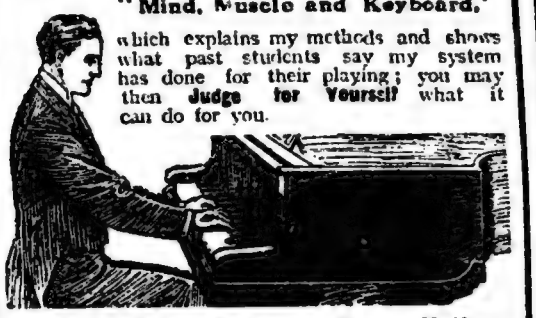
1s. per jar of Chemists, Hairdressers, &c., or post free, at same price, from C. E. Fulford Ltd., Leeds.

I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery

or Fatigue *even though you do not know a note of music now.* I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence than years of ordinary practice can ever do. Have done so for twelve years with invariable success. Scientific method with common-sense application **to ordinary music.** Send postcard, with your full postal address, stating whether you are a Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced Player, for a complimentary copy of my book,

"Mind, Muscle and Keyboard,"



which explains my methods and shows what past students say my system has done for their playing; you may then **Judge for Yourself** what it can do for you.

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Fight the Germs

that **poison** and **impoverish** the **blood** and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE** and testimonials Vitadatio, Ltd (Dept J B.), Park Square, Leeds

Vitadatio
THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

"NOSY PARKER" (Liverpool).—"Was it wise," you ask, that when threatened with a kick in the vicinity suggested by our name, we should "ask for a steel helmet?" Come to think of it, we fear the proposal would hardly have covered the case.

SERGEANT G. H. (Naini Tal).—If you cannot see eye to eye with Mr. Hales, one of you must be squinting. Personally, our money is on "Smiler."

P. B. (Birmingham).—"There are plenty of young men. hiding in factories, doing work easily to be done by women." That's what we have been revealing for a year or more.

H. W. (Grimsby) would like us to start a No Enemy-Trading League. Our hands are full at present, but let every man and woman in the country be a No Enemy-Trading League unto himself (or herself) and the thing is done.

B. C. B. (B.E.F.).—"Argument arose at a camp fire: If a motor was going round a corner at a very fast rate, which wheels would leave the ground first?" It depends on motor, corner, rate, wheels, ground, tyres, stones—and other things. But the side on which *we* sat would not rise first!

J. McK. (Coleraine).—It is clear that Ireland on the whole is against conscription. As practical politics in this crisis, that is an end of the matter unless you want another horrible row.

"GOLD STRIPE."—"Have some of the men with gold stripes in the Lord Mayor's Show this year; the London Battalions alone can supply 1,000, plenty with three stripes, and no impostors." Perhaps Sir Wm. Dunn will note.

A. M. F. (London).—We quite agree that the example of Mr. Asquith's sons might well be followed by certain members of other political families.

W. J. O. (Belvedere).—We have never been so silly as to grumble at genuine munitioners; we know what we owe to their skill and devotion. But we do growl at shirkers who hide under your honourable designation.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Bicester).—The parson of a small village refused a farmer permission to store corn in a disused barn till he could get it thrashed, and then at the Harvest Festival begged his flock to be more neighbourly and to do good one to another!

"COMB."—"In a controlled establishment at Battersea married men are being dismissed to make room for young men who willingly work cheaper so as to escape the Army." What those shirkers need is the *curry* comb.

"DISGUSTED" (Mountmellick).—"A Government servant was a captain of the rebels in Dublin, captured, and taken to England. He has returned, is re-instated, with salary paid in full for time of his absence." Sure?

"A READER."—"Sheer ignorance" was Dr. Johnson's excuse for a celebrated literary blunder, and the same plea might often be advanced on behalf of Government Departments.

"LOOKER-ON" (Manchester). — Unfortunately, "looking for signs of movement on the part of the powers that be" is often as disappointing as expecting steam-rollers to fly.

"QUEEN'S PARADE" (South Farnborough).—Our efforts on behalf of "Tommy and Jack" are but a small return for their splendid devotion. We shall probably never know the greatness of our debt to "the old non-coms."

W. H. P. (Brighton).—"We are the noble twenty-three Who take our pay and 'Wait and see.'" You want these lines exhibited on cinema screens beneath the photographs of Cabinet Ministers. Tut, tut!

C. P. (Portland Place, W.).—You should communicate with the police or the Home Office in regard to the internment of enemy aliens. We have no room for them in Long Acre.

"A WOUNDED TOMMY" (Netley).—Sorry to hear that matches are so scarce in your neighbourhood. The authorities might surely supply them to patients able to smoke.

"PRIVATE" (B.E.F.)—"I suppose you have heard of the rumpus the T.T.s are raising at home. They're trying to stop our grog out here, so they must have hearts made of stone." Quite right. Ever considered what their heads are made of?

"GUNNER" (Blackpool) agrees that "the villains who attempted to bribe munition workers to pass defective shells ought to have been shot." In Germhuny they probably would have been.

A. W. K. (Cupar) would be sorry to see the town-bred soldier set down in a small holding on "the idle soil of Britain."

S. S. (Reedness).—It is not very likely that a British pro-Germhun son of an interned Germhun will find much scope for his pro-Germhunism in the British Army.

F. P. (Pentonville).—The trade in sweets could be curtailed without inflicting hardship on the boys at the Front; but we agree that "There never was a law passed yet that has done good for everybody."

J. E. P. (Balham).—The drivers and officers of military motor-cars are apparently at liberty to dash about at night with dazzling headlights. It is not improbable that in given circumstances they constitute a guide to Zepps.

MARY B. (London, W.) and OTHERS suggest that the most satisfactory way to test whether by any means the Germhuns are putting disease germs into tinned foods is to try all imported canned edibles in Germhun internment camps in Britain before releasing them for general consumption.

W. G. (Aldershot).—Do not agree that properly-shaded street-lamps can be seen from a great distance. Try the ground light from any one lamp, and test for yourself at what distance it is visible.

F. S. G. (Nottingham).—"Thank Heaven I was born anyhow." Much nicer to be born comfortably.

"SERGEANT MAJOR" (London).—As desired, we have forwarded your 2s. 6d. to the woman who pelted with eggs the collie of the Hun Commander of the "Zeppelin" brought down at Cuffley.

C. A. F. (London).—We quite agree that a British-born Judge Advocate General for the British Army would have been more appreciated, but we believe Mr. Felix Cassel to be thoroughly British in his sentiments.

G. E. (H.M.S. ——).—So you had a rattling time at the theatre, and were not contaminated, despite Sir H. S.-D. All that fuss will die a natural death.

"LONDONER" (London, W.).—The only reason we can think of why Herr Schumacher was released from internment to trade with Herr Brocher as a silk merchant in the City is his own: "I have many influential friends."

T. L. J.—As all the male staff of your Guernsey paper are on active service, you must only smile when it calls a Roumanian General a German, and talks of Australia's "230,000,000 soldiers" (meaning 230,000) gone to the front. If these are the little errors of sweet girl journalists, deal softly with their faults.

T. P. (Royal Fusiliers).—Condolences on the demise of *The Gasper*, a soldiers' journal that gasped its last gasp in its 21st number. It died game, as it lived.

"DISGUSTED EASTHAMITE." — "Eastham Locks, Manchester Ship Canal, is known as Th' 'Slackers' Dump'; the Tribunals reckon they can't take the men because they are on the canal." If all you say is true, some of them ought to be not on the Canal, but in it.

D. E. F. (Strood).—"Dear Encyclopædia, Kindly tell me the author of quotation 'Not failure, but low aim, is crime.'" Dear young lady, we are not an Ency—, etc. Nothing so dryasdusty. And the Musketry Instructor's first order is "*Aim low.*" It is a crime to aim high.

J. T. (Monteith).—"When the mail arrives at Secondee, Gold Coast, W. Africa, all Europeans ask your friend if he has received the JOHN BULL you send him." Where the sun shines, there shall we be found. See our sub-title.

S. W. (Luton).—Print your conundrum? Certainly: "Why do Luton Tribunals resemble the Germans?" Because they attack the weakest first. That's an easy one.

T. J. (Balham).—As you know, we have strongly advocated definite reprisals for Zeppelin raids, and we are glad to know that in so doing we have voiced the deepest sentiments of your righteous bosom.

F. W. S. H. (Huddersfield).—"Give us stronger doses." What a stomach you must have!

"ADMIRALTY CLERK."—"In the main" you agree with our policy, and when your wisdom teeth are fully grown you will agree with every line of it.

MRS. D. E. M. (Canvey Island).—You gave your copy of JOHN BULL to a man working for you and "bade him have his boy read it." Chunks of gratitude.

E. B. (Carluke).—We have no thought of "scarifying" you for your friendly letter. On the contrary, if you were within arm's reach we should probably fall on your neck.

L. McB. (Brighton).—"To pay for love is not natural, whatever you may say." And we never said it was, whatever you may suggest.

"PLANTER" (Nyassaland).—You are mightily displeased with an article appearing in our issue of May 18th last, but you may take it from us that it was good stuff when it was new.

"PIT RAT" (Rawmarsh). — Thanks for sending us the "exact percentages of constituents of some 'bituminous coals.'" We will forward them on to the editor of the dictionary in question.

F. H. (Lowestoft) and OTHERS.—We quite agree that the name of Schneiders, which you found on your military overcoat or cap, does not sound particularly British, but we believe them to be very old Army Contractors.

E. S. (Brighton).—You are quite wrong about the staff at the Brighton Town Hall—that is, if you refer to the Police Department. No one has been more patriotic and public-spirited in the matter of Army Service than was the Chief Constable, Sir William Gentle.

"TWO WOUNDED TOMMIES" (Dover).—"Could you tell us where Robinson Crusoe went with Friday on Saturday night?" To hear Bill Sunday.

MC. AND CO. (Belfast).—"John Gambles, Paper Manufacturer, Nottingham," is an *alias* of the old notorious firm of Hansen and Gibb, of the same town.

A. W. (Pimlico) sends us a metal button taken from a child's coat purchased at Tottenham. On the back of it is stamped "G. F. Schutzt," whilst the front bears a raised design of a Zeppelin hovering over a church. We wonder if the maker had some prophetic foreview of the little chapel at Cuffley.

E. H. (Chiswick).—It is a patriotic and self-protective duty for people to shade all their lights, front and back, according to the regulations.

E. B. (Dublin).—If the G.P.O. refuses to recompense you for money lost in the post during the Rebellion, we fear you have no redress. When the G.P.O. has the law on its side, it sticks tight.

"DECENCY" (Newcastle).—"Is it not about time some of the Newcastle restaurant proprietors started a nursery in connection with their establishments?" You mean a room where the special menu for babies would be less embarrassingly displayed?

M. T.—Please send name and address and fuller particulars.

A. C. (Salisbury).—Having won a "Bullets" Week-end Prize of 50s. for your little daughter, age 4, the mite is pestered with that absurd "chain of prayer" postcard, with its lying threats about luck. Burn all such things, but don't let them worry you—or her.

"SOLDIER-MUNITIONER" (Ireland).—"And the profiteer said, as the soldiers arrived to work on munitions, 'Oh, Lord, this day hast Thou delivered these men unconditionally into my hand.'"

MRS. LOW (Montgomery Place, John Street, Larkhall).—Congratulations to Mr. Low and yourself on achieving the remarkable feat of gaining, within two years, two first prizes of £250 each in our "Bullets" Competition. No wonder you are "unable to express in writing the true feeling of winning 'The Prize' upon two occasions"!

P. J. A. (Gretna).—The folding card of Gretna views, "printed in Germany," may be old stock, but workers in H.M. Factory certainly should not buy it. Pass the word round.

E. P. (Southwark Military Hospital).—Afraid cannot arrange for the importation of horse-chestnuts from Verdun. The "chestnuts" that come our way are of quite another sort.

"OBSERVER"—Apart from fraud, we seldom criticise charitable schemes, but we may remind you that from our own "Greatest of These" Fund no deductions whatever are made for "expenses."

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

HOW HOSPITALS TREAT CATARRH & DEAFNESS.

A Trained Nurse's Good Advice to Sufferers from Catarrh.

Nasal, throat, stomach or intestinal catarrh, bowel congestion, "liverishness," biliousness, indigestion, bad complexion, and langour are especially prevalent at this season. As a result of summer diet indiscretions, and more heavy heat-producing food than the body requires, the liver and other excretory organs become clogged with poisonous impurities. These conditions form what doctors term "the beginning of all disease," for dangerous toxins are then being drawn into the blood. Even slight inflammation and mucous will frequently close the Eustachian tubes, which connect the inner ear with the pharynx to equalise the outer atmospheric pressure on the delicate drum. This stoppage causes "head noises," headaches, and nervous troubles. The ears often hum, sing, or buzz, exactly as when the outer air pressure is stopped by holding the hands tightly to them. (Try this.) Next, mucous accumulates in the tympanic cavity, and, if long neglected, temporary or even permanent complete deafness may result. To immediately correct nasal, throat, or any other form of catarrh, there is nothing to equal the marvellous solvent and eliminative properties of ordinary *alkia saltrates*, the refined deposits of certain natural curative medicinal waters, obtainable at small cost from any chemist. Drink daily a level teaspoonful dissolved in a half tumbler of water, and in extremely severe cases also use as a saltrated gargle and nasal douche. In a very short time all trace of catarrhal deafness and any catarrhal or liver disorder must surely disappear, and there will be no recurrence.—H. L. K.

[*Advt.*]

HORLICKS Malted Milk COCOA Sustaining and Healthful

Also HORLICKS M.M. packet Chocolate of all Chemists and Grocers

Watford

60 Cigarettes for 1s.

or 300 *for* 3s. 6d.

including postage to France.

You save from 7d. to 10d. on every shilling's worth of cigarettes or tobacco you send to your friend at-the-front through Martins smokes-for-the-Front Service. Martins send duty free, out-of-bond, by letter post. This is the cheapest, quickest and safest way. And your friend gets what he wants—a week's supply of his favourite smokes sent regularly every week. Through Martins you can send 60 cigarettes for 1s. and 300 cigarettes for 3s. 6d., *including postage.* Cigars and tobacco, too, at equally low prices. **Write for free War Booklet M.**, to Martins, Ltd., 210, Piccadilly, London W.

'Bullets' Great Xmas Offer!

1,000 TURKEYS

WE are offering 1,000 specially selected Turkeys as "Bullets" prizes and 200 OF THESE ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK. These Turkeys will be of the best quality and WORTH AT LEAST £1 each. Winners will be notified immediately the awards are made and the Turkeys will be dispatched to arrive in ample time for the Xmas dinner.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS REMARKABLE OFFER.

1,000 TURKEYS

2nd Prize £25 — **FIRST PRIZE £250** — **£10 3rd Prize**

Over 5,000 Prizes — *Value £1,250!*

10 PRIZES OF £5	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	AND	2,000 'SPECIAL' TARGET PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES	10 PRIZES OF £2.10

200 Specially selected Turkeys to be Won this week!

Closing Date, Thursday, November 2nd.

No.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(211) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 211, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 2nd.

No.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(211) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 212. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these Offices on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **212** in the top-left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 212,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 212.

FIRST ENGAGEMENT	A BAD MISS	WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW	IN LOW WATER
MAKES HUNS HOWL	BULLY BEEF	OUR DRILL-SERGEANT	BUTCHER'S BOY
EATING LESS	COMING IN LATE	LEFT BEHIND	LICKS CREATION
RECEIVED WITH THANKS	DROP TOO MUCH	SPECIAL INFORMATION	EXPENSIVE HABIT
FATHER'S FAVOURITE	WINKED AT	WHEN LEAST EXPECTED	TRYING THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for that which, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All the coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 211.

WHAT TIME WASTE
NO CHOICE LEFT
CLOSING EARLY
MOST JOYFUL WHEN
BRITISH LEADERS
COMES IN USEFUL
A BAD SIGN
IDLE BOAST
GETTING THE BIRD
SHABBY TRICK
IN THE MORNING
EXPENSIVE MISS
DRINK
WIFE'S FIRST CAKE
TOMMY'S COOK
THE UPPER TEN
WHEN FATHER'S ASLEEP
FORBIDDEN
GETTING ON WELL
HANDS OFF
GERMANY'S LAST HOPE
PRETTY BAD
NEVER KNOWN TO MISS
FAST AND LOOSE
ALWAYS WITH US
DIRT CHEAP
NEVER TROUBLED EVE
COURTING DANGER
WHEN BUTCHER'S PAID
WORRIES THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
PRETTY BAD.
Bullet:—
FATHER RETURNS HOME EARLY.

Example:—
GETTING ON WELL.
Bullet:—
TOMMY AND JACK.

Example:—
FORBIDDEN.
Bullet:—
STANDING DRINKS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of the Competition will be found in our issue dated November 18th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated October 28th

RESULT OF 208TH BULLETS COMPETITI

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000 :—

Mr. T. O. JONES,
22, Syren Street,
Kirkdale, Liverpool.

Example :—GOVERNMENT SLACKERS.
Bullet :—WEED OUT—WE DOUBT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £250 :—

Mr. J. JAGGARD,
6, Dalkeith Road,
Dulwich, London, S.E.

Example :—GENERAL VON HINDENBURG.
Bullet :—"USED" TO INSPIRE CONFIDENCE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100 :—

Mr. H. WADHAM,
24, Brunswick Square,
Camberwell, London, S.E.

Example :—MOST AMAZING WHEN.
Bullet :—"UNSEEN HAND" MOVES "CABINET."

10 PRIZES OF £10 EACH :—

Mr. A. CLAXTON, 3, Kensington Road, Ipswich:
IN GERMANY—EVERYBODY "PAWNS" NOW.

Mr. E. E. BURGESS, St. George's Chambers, Doncaster:
THE CROWN PRINCE—HAS "TRIED" HIS "BEST."

Mr. D. E. SYNAN, 7, Park View Terrace, Limerick:
WHAT TOMMY WANTS—ARMY CONTRACTOR "SCAMPS."

Mrs. A. E. GALLANT, 29, Canterbury Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire:
THE CROWN PRINCE—HIS "JAW" DENOTES WEAKNESS.

Mr. J. THOMSON, Corpn. Electricity Works, Leith, Scotland:
IN GERMANY—ORGANISING ALL THE "RAGE."

Mr. W. W. JOHNSTON, 14, Dale Street, Nunnery Lane, York:
IN GERMANY—FEW EXPECT "ANOTHER HELPING."

Miss M. H. SHAW, 83, Hyndland Street, Partick, Glasgow:
TINNED MEAT—AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION TO "SLAUGHTER."

Mrs. W. H. LEE, 7, Arncliffe Gardens, West Hartlepool:
FORWARD MISS—DRESSES "UP" TOO MUCH.

Mr. J. MILLER, 3, Hermitage Park (Top), Leith, Scotland:
BRITISH SAILORS—"PURSUING" A DANGEROUS OCCUPATION.

Mr. F. H. DEAS, 13, Rochester Terrace, Edinburgh:
IN GERMANY—"MAILED FIST" NOW "PACIFIST."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :—

Mrs. V. CLEMENTSON, 49, Heaton St., Brampton, Chesterfield:
MAKES FATHER SICK—THE REFRESHMENT "BAR."

Mrs. E. WRIGHT, 81, Langdale Road, Wavertree, Live
WHAT TOMMY WANTS—FEWER "STOPPAGES," "ADVANCES."

Mr. A. STAFFORD, 60, Evelina Mansion, Edmund S
Camberwell, S.E.:
MAKES EVERYBODY HAPPY—THE SEASIDE PALA

Mr. J. H. NICHOLAS, Junr., 50, Ebrington St., Plymouth:
KEPT IN OFFICE—FEW "SHINING LIGHTS" NOW.

Mrs. C. BASFORD, 32, Somersall Street, Mansfield, Notts.:
KEPT IN OFFICE—TRUE GERMAN CASUALTY LISTS.

Hadefield Rd., Ward End, Birmingham
LACKERS—WE'RE "KEEPING" UNDER

Barrsley Street, Wigan, Lancs:
CROSS—ANYTHING FIRST BABY DOES,
Edgcumbe Place, Millbridge,
SICK—CABINET "POSING"—THEN
108, Keeton's Road, Bermondsey,
LONDON, S.E.:
GOVERNMENT SLACKERS—"GET AWAY YOU BOYS."
MAUD KNOWLES, Lowther House, Garforth, Leeds:
IN GERMANY—OFFICIALS ARE ALWAYS "FORBIDDING."

☞ **YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.**

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, November 2nd.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(211) P.O. No.—

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 211, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, November 2nd.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(211) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge*, an insurance against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	**£200**
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	**£100**
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	**£350**
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	**£25**
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the insured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	**£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the later, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular and continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Oct. 28th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to b... must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you m... of the Registration Form which will be found next t... to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, Lo... your name and the name of your nominee will be...

any stamp should be forwarded if an... dgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Oct. 28th, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of home.....

.....

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"Yes, I have. I have found *the* place. There's to be no more putting it off, dear, now. We start our furnishing to-morrow. Where? Why, at the 'Midland,' of course. To-morrow we'll have a topping day, dear, for I know how you love really beautiful furniture. You'll simply revel in all the wonderful things at the 'Midland.' Over **£100,000** worth to choose from, and every price plainly marked. It's the absolute truth—

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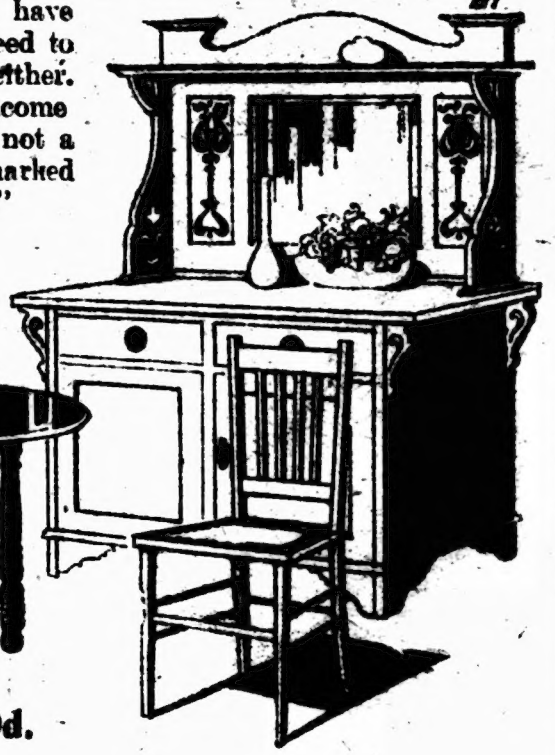

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Dining Room Suite of distinctive design, soundly constructed of Fumed Oak, consisting of handsome Sideboard, with inlaid panels: 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. Gate-leg Table; and 4 small Chairs and 2 Carvers with seats covered in Rexine of any colour.

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Worth.	Per Month.
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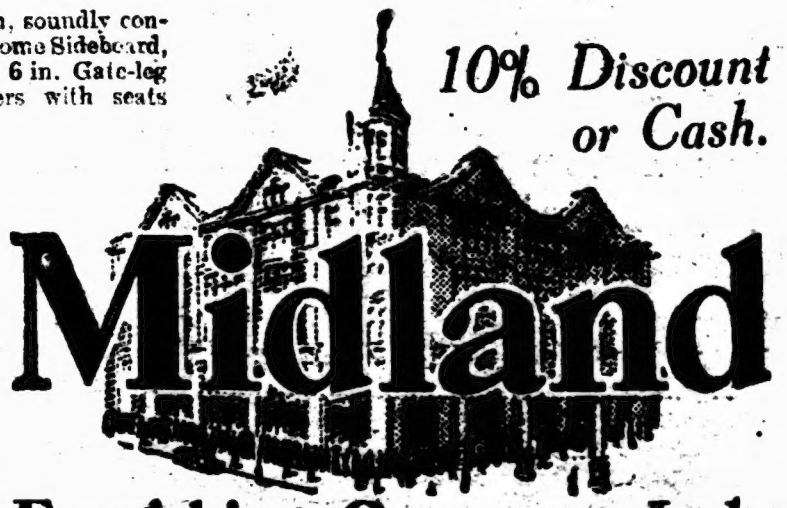

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Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.
All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.